Vol. CXL, No 1822

THE BYSTANDER NOV. 16, 1938

The BYSTANDER

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 16—November 22

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The Old Vic company in a Guthrie modern-dress production; Alec Guinness as the Prince: Old Vic, 7.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 1.45. (Last 3 days).

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Lee Tracy and Tamara Geva are two of a mixed bag caught in Armageddon: His Majesty's Theatre, 8.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THE ROBUST INVALID.—First of Maurice Sachs' Anglo French is Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* anglicised Apollo, 8.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.—Nancy Price presents this Dekker comedy with Edmund Willard, Mabel Constanduros, Harold Warrender: Playhouse, 8.15, Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT.—Richard Bird and Vivienne Bennett lead in a good murder play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—How the last poor remains of Tsarism are submerged in the Red waves; exciting, tragic; Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Marius Goring: Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

"Dangerous Corner"

Catherine Lacey plays Olwen and Robert Harris plays Caplan in the Mask Theatres' production of Priestley's "Dangerous Corner." At the Westminster

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 112.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9 Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN.—Maurice Colbourne produces A. A. Milne's new comedy in which Barry K. Barnes leads as a traveller in stockings: St. James's, to-night, 16th.

THE HEART WAS NOT BURNED.—James Laver's play about an incident in the lives of Keats, Shelley and Byron is produced by Norman Marshall: Gate, Thurs., 17th.

MAN AND SUPERMAN.—Anthony Quayle, Hermione Hannen, Valerie Tudor in Lewis Casson's production of Shaw's play (excluding Hell scene): Old Vic, Tues., 22nd.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Danielle Darrieux at her best in a story of a poor girl's bluff, with Charles Vanel: Studio One.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (American).—Edward G. Robinson plays the name-part: Warner.

LE BONHEUR (French).—Charles Boyer is teamed with Gaby Morlay in Henri Bernstein's most famous play-made-film: Curzon.

CAREFREE (American).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are back together again in a carefree plot and setting: New Gallery.

IF I WERE KING (American).—Colman gives a subtle performance as Villon, Basil Rathbone as the shuffling Louis: Plaza.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant wife of Alexander II. of Russia; a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY (American).—Shirley Temple's newest: Regal.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (American).—A grandiose Hollywoodian Versailles is the setting for Norma Shearer's unhappy Queen; Tyrone Power, Robert Morley: Empire.

MEN WITH WINGS (American).—An enthralling history of flying made personal, with Roy Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell: Carlton.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (British).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook repeat their parts of *Victoria the Great* in Herbert Wilcox's re-made historical: Odeon.

THERE GOES MY HEART (American).—Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, in a crazy pot-boiler: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

ZAUBER DER BOHEME (Austrian).—Jan Kiepura and Martha Eggerth play Rudolpho and Mimi in a film which does justice to Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—To-night, 16th, 8.
HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, RAKE'S PROGRESS, PATINEURS.—Thurs., 17th, 8.30.
MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Fri., 18th, 8.
LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 19th, 2.30.
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Sat., 19th, 2.30.
TANNHÄUSER.—Tues., 22nd, 7.45.

MUSIC

Recitals

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN.—Queen's Hall, Mon., 21st, 8.30.
BRAILOWSKY.—Schumann, Moussorgsky, Chopin: Queen's Hall, Tues., 22nd, 8.30.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C.—Basil Cameron conducts in a Verdi, Bax, Sibelius programme; also Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini (Moiseiwitsch): Queen's Hall, to-night, 16th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Boult conducts in a Mendelssohn, Elgar, Brahms-Rubbra programme; also Beethoven's 4th Piano Concerto (Schnabel): Queen's Hall, Thurs., 17th, 8.30.

SUNDAY "POP."—Hambourg conducts, Helmann is soloist, in a Borodin, Mendelssohn, Rachmaninoff, Schubert programme: Queen's Hall, Sun., 20th, 3.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Beecham conducts, Dushkin is soloist, in a Wagner and Beethoven programme: Covent Garden, Sun., 20th, 3.15.

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The Bystander

Anthony

Diana Wynyard: in "Design for Living"

The most important theatre announcement of last week was made by John C. Wilson: that he would present Coward's *Design for Living*, with Rex Harrison, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook, on the English stage next year. The play has never been publicly performed here since it was written six years ago. It was done in New York, with Coward and the Lunts as the triangle, and it has been filmed. In the preliminary discussions for the new production it was hoped that the author would again act in it. This proved impossible. The pretentious title covers a gay and witty play, in which Harrison is sure to be at home; Walbrook, an Austrian by birth, has proved his talent in films (Albert in *Sixty Glorious Years*), but has never acted on the English stage; Diana Wynyard, too long absent from it, will be succeeding Lynn Fontanne and Miriam Hopkins in a part which should add a new style to her list of accomplished characterisations. After a preliminary tour, *Design for Living* will open in London in February

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE KING'S SPEECH contained nothing sensational, and on the subject of foreign affairs was rather vague. On the other hand, there are one or two interesting domestic points in it. For instance, there is to be a new campaign against cancer (which kills more than 60,000 people every year in this country); housing is to be pushed on as fast as ever; and a Bill to check share-pushing is promised. But it is the royal visits which will appeal to the imagination most. King Carol of Rumania has arrived here; the President of the French Republic has been invited to visit the King next year; and the King and Queen have accepted the invitation of the President of the United States to visit Washington after their Canadian tour.

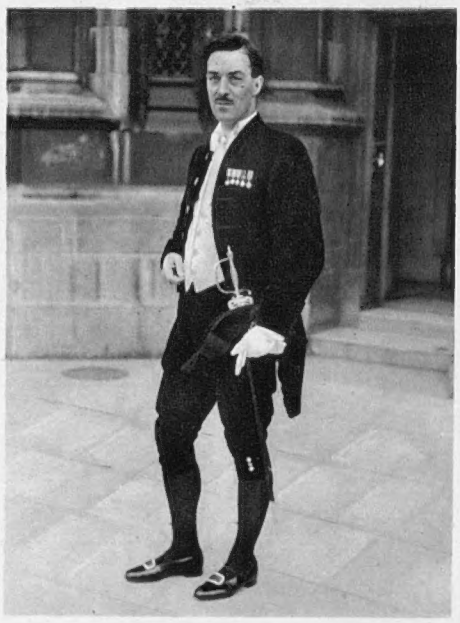
IT will be a thousand pities if Senator Borah and his isolationist friends try to give the royal visit to Washington a political twist. Already they are suggesting that the visit is an attempt to strengthen Anglo-American political ties. It will be doing a great disservice to the American people themselves if Senator Borah uses their Majesties as a political weapon. But I shall not be in the least surprised if he does. Americans find it hard enough to understand their own politics, let alone other people's, and it is almost impossible for them to grasp the fact that the King of England is completely outside English politics. He is a Symbol, not a pawn.

HERR HITLER was in good form in his beer-cellar in Munich, and he attacked Mr. Churchill again with all his eloquence. The main point, however, in his speech was his almost casual remark that he wants nothing from Britain and France except the colonies. Presumably they will be one of the subjects discussed in Paris when Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax go to visit Monsieur Daladier.

AT the moment it is difficult to see any solution of the colonial problem which will not split the Conservative Party. The extreme Right, represented by such men as Colonel Page Croft, are pledged up to the hilt to resist any suggestion of their return to Germany. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement may well hinge upon some sort of gesture to Hitler over colonies, just as it hinges on a gesture to Mussolini over Spain. Electorally, the die-hards are not very strong, but they make a tremendous lot of noise.

THE German Press has taken its line from Herr Hitler on the subject of Mr. Churchill, and is pouring out an unbelievable flood of invective. It even went to the incredible length of suggesting that Mr. Churchill instigated the shooting of Herr vom Rath in the Embassy in Paris. The *Angriff* actually published a series of photographs, which included the Jewish murderer of Gustloff in 1936, the man who shot Rath, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Attlee, the French Colonial Minister, Emil Ludwig the historian, and Mr. Duff Cooper. The headline ran, "Jewish murderers and the instigators."

THE shooting of Vom Rath was a senseless crime. But the pogrom which followed in Germany was an organised horror which takes Europe back at least three hundred years. The whole civilised world is aghast at the savagery of the mobs which burnt and beat indiscriminately throughout Germany while the famous police stood by and did nothing. As in the case of Austria, the German Army has come out of the business with dignity and humanity, and there are many cases on record of German officers risking their lives to stop the outrages.



***Court dress** and a combination of gravity, wit and tact become the mover and seconder of the "humble Address" after the King's Speech. Sydney Frank Markham seconded Mr. Hely-Hutchinson's motion, spoke gravely of Palestine, social services and cancer, lightly of Robin Hood and "Sez you!" He is National Labour M.P. for South Nottingham, and an expert on museums*

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD has announced the Air Ministry's programme, and at first sight one is impressed by the extraordinary slowness with which expansion is to be carried out. It now looks as if we shall not have a full strength Air Force until 1941.

PALESTINE is in as big a muddle as ever. About a year ago the Government accepted partition as the best and most hopeful solution. Now it announces that partition is impracticable. A conference of Arabs and Jews is to be invited to London to try to find another solution. If it fails to produce agreement within

(*Concluded on page 240*)

***Politics and the stage** were represented at the premiere of "Le Bonheur" by three M.P.s—J. P. L. Thomas, Robert Boothby and Ronald Cartland, and by Noel Coward, now in America. Mr. Thomas was Mr. Eden's P.P.S. before he resigned. Mr. Boothby spoke warmly for compulsory national service in the King's Speech debate*

***Political debutante** of last week was Mrs. J. L. Adamson, who defeated the Conservative candidate in the Dartford by-election by 4238 votes. In the General Election she was beaten by 2646 votes. She arrived at the House of Commons next day with her husband, William Murdoch Adamson, Labour Member for Cannock, Staffs.*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Professor Lord Rayleigh of the British Association

Lord Rayleigh is president of the B.A. for the current year, relinquishing his office to Sir Albert Seward on the first Monday in January. As such, he came in for much publicity during this summer's meeting at Cambridge when the "World League" or "International Association" of scientists was propounded, the project being first discussed during a house-party at the Rayleigh seat—Terling Place, Chelmsford. (The Association modestly disavows these titles, the new departure being only "a division for the study of the social and international relations of science," on whose general committee of 40 Lord Rayleigh is ex officio.) The Rayleigh barony is an offshoot of the Leinster Dukedom, as the monkeys in both escutcheons show. It does not appear that science entered the line—although the first Leinster was Master-General of Ordnance in Ireland—until the third Lord Rayleigh became one of the most eminent scientists of the age in which his monkey personified the religion v. evolution deadlock. His son, the present baron, succeeds him in reputation as well as title. He is an F.R.S., Emeritus Professor of Physics at the I.C.S., author of a score of scientific treatises, the majority on vapours and gases, holder of three honorary degrees as well as a first-class Mastership of Science and a fellowship at the family college—Trinity, Cambridge. Lord Rayleigh, sixty-three years old, has been twice married and has five children

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 238)

a reasonable time, the British Government will take its own decision.

MR. ROOSEVELT has lost seventy-five seats in the Congress, which is a bit of a blow for him. He still controls both Houses, but things do not look too good for 1940. Dewey, the "racket-buster," very nearly pulled off a sensational victory in New York State, and he has definitely put himself on the map as a Republican possibility for the Presidency. The Democratic victory in California means that at last Tom Mooney is to be set free. Mooney has been twenty-two years in gaol for a crime which everybody knows perfectly well he did not commit.

LABOUR can take pride in its victory in the Dartford by-election. Mrs. Adamson increased the Labour poll by 6000, and her majority was a turnover of 7000. On the other hand, the Government can take some pleasure in the fact that its candidate increased the Government poll by 4000, especially as every speech Herr Hitler makes about British politicians makes a Government candidate's job harder. It may be unscrupulous to shout on the hustings, "Hitler tells us who to put in the Cabinet," but it is becoming painfully near the mark.

AN odd business has happened in the Passport Office. A document of about 3000 words has been circulated to the entire staff, defending Mr. Chamberlain's policy during the crisis and ending with the words: "If Mr. Chamberlain is a Fascist because he is trying to bring Germany and Italy into Europe's concert, then Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are Communists, for their desire to collaborate with Russia is sometimes very marked indeed." This document was not official, but it was circulated through the office machinery, and there was no indication on it to show that it was unofficial. Considering that the Passport Office is part of the Foreign Office, and that Mr. Eden was until recently head of the Foreign Office, it all seems to me to be very queer indeed.

SIR SIDNEY HERBERT, Member for the Abbey division of Westminster, is wasting no time in the new session in the matter of Parliament Square. He is fighting tooth and nail in its defence. It is of prime importance to the prestige of London that a huge block of offices should not be built in Parliament Square at the very entrance of the Abbey, the Parliament House and Whitehall. The small strip of England between Millbank and the National Gallery is the real heart of the Empire, and it belongs to the Empire just as much as it belongs to us.

MASS psychology is a queer business. Up to the crisis a really good murder was universally popular. It was what the theatres call "good box-office." The Brighton trunks "went over big." But since the crisis people are paying very little attention to murder. And yet we have had an extra large consignment in the past few weeks. Even the manicured arm of Perranporth is a flop. What is the reason? Are people more callous after being faced with mass-murder? Or are they so thankful at their own escape that they shrink from looking at other people's failure to escape?

A SCANDALOUS state of affairs is revealed at the National Dog Show at Birmingham. No fewer than thirty-six sorts of dog were awarded challenge certificates, but among them I cannot find the only dog which ought to be allowed anywhere. It can, of course, only be jealousy to exclude from these certificates the Pekinese. It was, I think, my friend, Mr. Douglas Woodruff (historian, scholar, wag, and editor of the *Tablet*), who wrote that immortal poem about the Pekinese dog:

> There can't have been an R.S.P.C.A.
> In the Pacific on that fatal day
> When Cortez, far the stoutest of his men,
> Stood silent on a Peke in Darien.

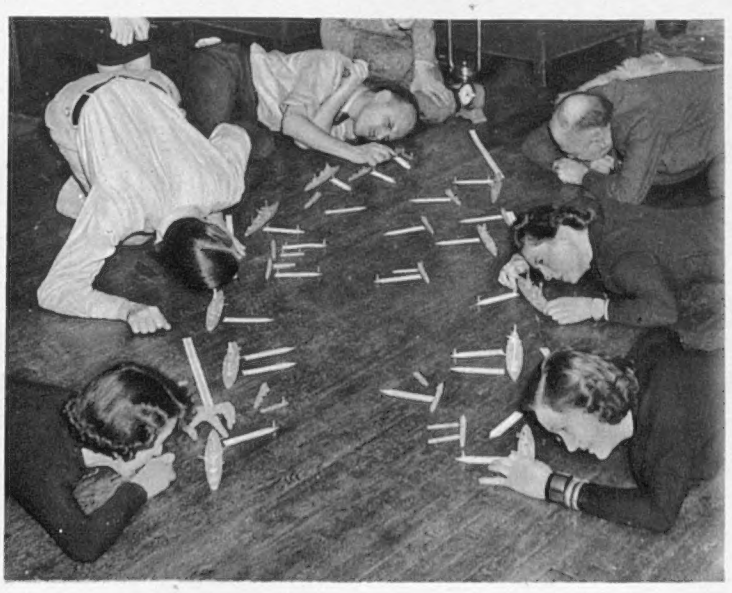
THE old *Week-End Review*, in the days when Mr. Gerald Barry was the editor, used to publish a delicious column every week called "This England," in which absurd quotations from the Press were used to guy the foibles of our countrymen. The *New Statesman*, on amalgamation, took over this feature and, of course, turned it all pompous. Turned it almost priggish, in fact. This week the *New Statesman's* own grammar falls to pieces sadly in the following remark: "We have all heard of the lady who went into a shop, bought some Glaxo and then somewhat bashfully asked the assistant whether she ought to take it or her husband." The *Week-End Review* would have published this with a whoop in "This England." The *New Statesman* probably won't even see the point.

I COMMEND a good cause to your attention. A Nursery Rhyme Ball, in aid of the Save the Children Fund, is to be held on November 24 in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W.1. The tickets are only 3s. 6d. each, and can be got from Miss Stiebel, 10, Austin Friars, E.C.2. The proceeds will go to help the refugee children who are coming from Germany and Austria.

HAPPENING to be in Aberdeen last week, I went to see an extraordinary work of art in its early stages. A University hall is being built, and Mr. Robert Sivell, the painter, is designing a magnificent series of mural paintings for it. Three of his students at the Art School will carry out the work under his direction, and all are working for a purely nominal fee. It is a notable example of how art can be used for the benefit of the community.

THE Industrial Health Research Board has rediscovered the influence of music upon work. In the old days every craft had its special song and men sang as they worked. They sang because they liked working. So now factories are being encouraged to introduce jazz music and swing tunes to encourage production. This is nothing new to me. I've known all about it for years. When I work I always blow my own trumpet.

Our game, *as Wykehamists style their peculiar football, is not unlike the Eton Wall game, a net replacing the wall. The small boy in boater is the watcher-out, his job being to force the ball back into play when it goes through the net (rare); the "hot down ropes" (scrummage) wait to do their part. The game dates from Henry VIII.'s time*



The naval war game *has been evolved by Herbert Pratt, a New York author, who based it on a game to teach strategy at the U.S. Naval College, Newport, R.I. Using models on the floor, players are given time to manœuvre and fire, then tape measurements are taken and hits recorded, and this goes on till one fleet is sunk or surrendered. Pratt is not in the picture*

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"What 's his name, Missus ?"
"Crisis Chamberlain Peace"

Personality News Reel

Peeresses at Parliament : Marchioness and Countess

Once more the tiaras and evening dresses have glittered oddly across the midday panorama of Westminster as the peeresses departed after the State Opening of Parliament. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava in black velvet left with her husband, and with them went the Countess of Rosslyn

Two Duchesses

The Duchess of Rutland wore red chiffon velvet, the Duchess of Sutherland gold brocade and gold satin, and both wore splendid examples of tiara design and brilliance

In His Colonel's Uniform

They Follow Their Husbands : in England—

Lady Walker rides astride over the grass and flying fences of the Meynell. Her husband, Sir Ian Walker, is joint-Master with Captains Kingscote and Verelst. This is her first season as Master's wife. She was married in September, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josceline Heber-Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick

—And in Ireland

The Marchioness of Kildare rides side-saddle after her husband, joint-Master with Mr. Prior-Wandesforde of the North Kilkenny. He is the Duke of Leinster's heir, and she was Joane MacMorrough Kavanagh

In His Lord Mayor's Robes

Sir Frank Bowater, London's new Lord Mayor, took his first ride in the famous coach behind a National Fitness' parade which made the most popular Lord Mayor's Show of years. He himself keeps fit, according to "Who's Who," at "golf, tennis, billiards, etc."

Gary Cooper Arrives With a Pipe

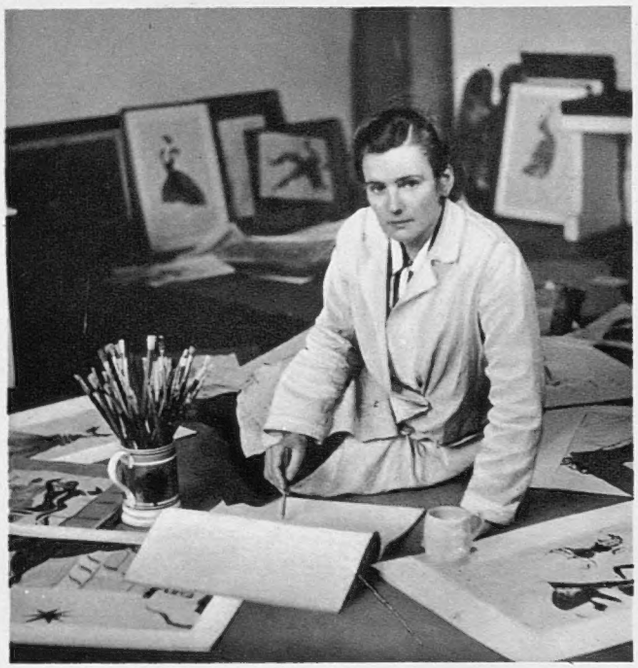
Clutching his binoculars and a pipe in one hand and waving a hat with the other, Gary Cooper began his strenuous arrival in England. Cameras and reporters met him at Plymouth, more cameras, a ring of policemen and a surge of ecstatic fans at Paddington. Close to his side stayed his attractive wife, actress Sandra Shaw before she became Mrs. Cooper; with them also came her mother and father

General Ironside Leaves with Two Cigarettes

Gibraltar's new Governor and C.-in-C. was caught in two-handed confusion between his umbrella, his book and his ticket, a fresh cigarette and the stub of its predecessor. General Sir Edmund Ironside goes from the Eastern Command to succeed General Sir Charles Harington. Lady Ironside, whom he married in 1915, went with him

Left: Viscount Nuffield gave £50,000, and Sir Walter Kirke gave him the idea, for starting a Territorial Army Sports Fund. Here they both are at the opening of the 52nd A.A. Brigade headquarters at Acton, with Lord Nuffield in his uniform as Honorary Colonel of the Brigade. Sir Walter Kirke is Director-General of the T.A.

Right: Sophie Fedorovich was preparing for her exhibition at Sadler's Wells, which starts to-morrow, in aid of the Vic-Wells Ballet Fund. She has done stage design since she came to England in 1923, and especially for the ballet. "Nocturne," "Horoscope" and "Baiser de la Fée" are among her Wells successes



A Russian Stage Designer at Work

An Austrian Portrait and the Model

Mrs. Woolley Hart was painted by Herbert Gurschner, and the portrait is in his exhibition at the Cooling Galleries. Mrs. Woolley Hart went to the opening by Sir George Franckenstein, another Gurschner sitter

Fashion Note

Socialites who have put their hair up include Lady Pamela Berry, the Earl of Birkenhead's sister. In velvet and gold and gold gloves, she went to "Le Bonheur" (Curzon)

Lady Bridgett Poulett, Earl Poulett's sister, has done it too, and it suits her. She sold programmes for the Royal Society for Training the Blind at the "There Goes My Heart" premiere

A Week-end Flight—the Great R.A.F. Record

During a short Saturday-morning to Monday-lunchtime week-end, two of these three Vickers Wellesley bombers flew from Egypt to Australia—7162 miles in the air, nearly a third of the way round the world at an average of 149 m.p.h. without touching land. All three machines broke the Russian record, Nos. 1 and 3 by 856 miles when they landed at Darwin, No. 2 by about 300 miles when it landed at Koepang. The astonishingly calm and precise way in which this tremendous flight was made was illustrated by the exact keeping of the rendezvous over Lomblen, planned eight hours earlier over Borneo and reached through a long patch of "exceedingly unpleasant" flying conditions, continuous cloud, heavy rain and lightning enforcing navigation by dead reckoning over 1200 miles. The commander of the flight was Wing-Commander O. R. Gayford, the three first pilots were Squadron-Leader R. Kellett, leader, Flight-Lieutenants H. A. V. Hogan and A. N. Combe

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 96

Ken Waller

KEN WALLER, chief instructor at Brooklands, and one of the finest teachers of flying in the world, was born in London thirty years ago. His father, who was in insurance before the war, was killed at Gallipoli with the Berkshires. Young Ken went to Sherborne and Newton College, leaving at the age of seventeen to be apprenticed to Lagondas at Staines. Here he spent a year going through the works; but he was growing too fast and working too hard, and the family doctor sent him down to the country. Thus he found himself with a firm of estate management experts at Tenterden. While there he passed various exams on house property, agriculture and so forth. Then one fine day he rode past the aerodrome at Lympne on a motor-bike which was given to him on his fourteenth birthday. Said the placard: "Learn to Fly." Ken Waller went in to find out; found out; got more or less jockeyed into a trial flight and was promptly possessed with a desire to get his "A" licence. (As a boy of twelve he had had a joy-ride in an Avro at Sherborne, but his chief impression of this baptism of the air was a violent rush of wind and a smell of castor oil during his five minutes' flip for five bob.) But evidently Ken Waller was born to fly. He flew solo and got his "A" licence after five hours' dual control, the average being eight to ten hours. Promptly he lost interest in estate management and took various odd jobs round Lympne to enable him to put in his flying time until he had done 100 hours and qualified for his "B" licence. In the meantime, Lympne was taken over by the Brooklands management, and Ken Waller became assistant secretary and chief bottle-washer — almost literally. For once when the barman was on holiday for a fortnight, he took his place.

HAVING done another 150 hours, he acquired his instructor's certificate and started in as an assistant instructor at Lympne. As such he taught the late Bernard Rubin to fly. After the latter had done 30 hours solo, he took Ken Waller out to Australia with him to learn the route for the Melbourne Centenary Race. On the way back they broke the existing record, largely because Ken Waller was overdue at Lympne. Three weeks before the Centenary Race itself, Bernard Rubin fell ill, Cathcart Jones took his place, and he and Ken Waller ended fourth at Melbourne but were first back; the double journey taking thirteen days. Another stretch at Lympne followed, interrupted by a flight to the Belgian Congo with Christmas mails, and the Johannesburg Air Race, in which he and Max Findlay crashed at Abercorn, Northern Rhodesia; Findlay and the wireless operator both being killed. This did not shake Ken Waller. Despite his broken ribs and dislocated shoulder, he was back instructing within six weeks. Then came a bit of luck. The chief instructor at Brooklands went to the R.A.F. Reserve Training School at Northampton. Ken Waller got the job. To-day he has three regular assistant instructors under him. He has done 4850 hours in the air, which are increasing at the rate of 800 a year. Every year, too, 75 pupils get their "A" licence under his instruction, and 40 more get either their instructor's certificate or "B" licence. As an instructor of instructors Ken Waller is a maestro of advanced aerobatics. He thinks nothing of a slow roll and not very much of a "bunt." He says that it relieves the boredom to have a pupil make a mistake in the air before the instructor takes over. In any event, he says that if the pupil is relieved of the controls before he has made the mistake he intends to make, said pupil will learn nothing and won't believe the instructor, either. He also thinks that to drive a car is a disadvantage to a potential pilot. It makes him too ham-fisted. Ken Waller lives at Weybridge with his mother and sister, his working hours being from 9 a.m. to sunset, plus a certain amount of night flying when on instructional work. He is six foot two and a half, weighs twelve stone six, and has large, almost luminous eyes; plays golf and squash, but prefers to take his holiday in the winter, when he goes ski-ing, the average pilot's favourite sport. But is he nonchalant? The answer is that this particular adjective was probably invented purely for Ken Waller or Ken Waller for this adjective. They fit like Alexandrine's gloves.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Look, Hortense, I 'm a book-end "

MOTHERS' DAY and Fitness Week are past and gone, Sanitary Sunday is but a lovely memory, Rat Week still looms happily ahead, beginning next January, by a coincidence, on the date Parliament reassembles after the holidays. All these major festas of the new age are well known to you, but we bet you didn't know anything about World Thrift Day, which tiptoed smugly in and out of the Kalendar a few days ago. We didn't ourselves until our eye fell on a brief bottom-of-page paragraph in one of the more spacious dailies. World Thrift Day is observed, its founders boast, by thirty countries. Its object is devotional (like that of Rat Week) in that it celebrates the importance of loving money sufficiently to save it up very carefully, and we guess the Auld Alliance —as the Scots say, referring after dinner to their ancient bond with the French, who haven't a word for it—heads the list of countries which save up most; an odious distinction, in our view, summoning up wizened peasant faces, harsh French voices and cruel Scottish eyes, horny hands snapping like vices on the odd small-change of the widow and the oppressed, lantern-jaws champing in avaricious glee after hours of violence and chicanery over a halfpenny or a five-centime piece.

May the Maulebec nip all misers! is our cry. Rabelais, whom this inhuman folly of hoarding money revolted, has scourged it sufficiently in Panurge's great tirade on borrowers and lenders. Give us, too, the jolly spenders, the chaps who toss money gaily round and make it circulate (which is the prime function of money), who know the stuff to be dross and a peril to the soul, and would as lief hoard rusty nails. We love their heartening company, except when they 're temporarily short and wanting more. This World Thrift Day business seems to us frankly a prig-festival calling to all that is most ignoble in man.

Sky-Lantern

BEING honestly scared of the Moon, as anyone must be who has ever inspected her foolish but menacing pan at close quarters through an astronomer's telescope, we don't envy the chaps at Mount Palomar Observatory, Cal., who will soon be peeking at her through a new telescope so gigantic that she will seem only twenty-five miles away. They 'll probably feel like that chap in J. K. Huysmans' nightmare story who finds himself stumbling over those tumbled, evil white peaks and crevasses, stiff with horror and despair in a silence like death. Moreover, they will make the Japanese very angry. The Japanese own the Moon and have written 897,675,456,237 whimsy little poems about her, none of them terribly exciting, and anybody infringing their rights risks having peace brought to him in the way the Chinese have had it recently brought to them.

The Moon has probably influenced Japanese drama also, relatively—if you compare it with Chinese — for good, for you 'll never convince us that that stock Chinese comedy situation of getting on and off imaginary horses, with a wealth of subtly mirth-provoking gesture, is as big a dramatic idea as some the Japanese have exploited, such as having dead lovers haunted by imaginary grass, or having an erring postmaster's grandfather ceremonially disembowel himself after replacing a bob's-worth of stolen stamps. If this is lunar influence, it wouldn't do the lighter West End stage much harm, for a start.

" I've got the strangest sensation that I did all this 26 years ago "

Welcome

CLEAN journalism, for which the *Daily Sketch* is making such a praiseworthy and successful stand, will doubtless get another lift-up when the Gas Light and Coke Company launch their new magazine, the vacant editorship of which is advertised in *The Times* as we write. No naked fan-dancers or bathing belles draped luringly round new-pattern gas-stoves, no suggestive sub-American-tabloid headlines (such as " Is This Baby Hot! " or " Dancing Momma in Love-Nest Gas-Cooker Rave "), no smut of any kind is ever likely to sully those pages, we dare aver. And to do them justice, the Fleet Street boys who turn out the hot-ear stuff will be as pleased as anybody. They don't really like having to do it. They 're mild, quiet, nice-minded, simple chaps, leading blamelessly humdrum domestic and gardening lives in the outlying suburbs, not cynical satyrs pawing over sexy photographs and news-items with lustful lip-lickings. They imitate the New York tabloid industriously not because they enjoy the muck but because their owner thinks the public does. (As indeed a certain special public does. Mark the moronic features, the gloating eye, and the dribbling lip.) The Art Editor, moodily picking out the hottest pictures to tickle this public day by day, is as unmoved as a grocer picking out tins of salmon: the most Rubensy curves have less emotional effect on him than a bit of cheese. In their way the boys are martyrs (using the word in the loose modern sense, as in " a martyr to corns ") to big business, and we hate to hear them misrepresented.

You may ask why, despite their sterling moral character, daily contact with all this stuff doesn't make them insensibly deteriorate. The answer is that they 're as innocent of the Facts of Life as any member of the *Spectator* staff.

Clubman

DECOROUSLY jostling the wine-cups at their annual jamboree, the Horatian Society boys got something agreeable to think about in the seclusion of their quiet homes when Lord Macmillan in his speech agreed (practically) with a suggestion that Horace—who liked "good company, a good meal, and a pretty girl"—would have been a member of the Athenæum had he lived to-day. Mental pictures of a stout, flushed little gentleman dodging round from Waterloo Place into the Ladies' Annexe, where the loveliest women in London assemble, as it were in purdah, to revel virtuously with the Athenæum boys, probably perturbed the Horatians' minds with no particular surmise or dismay, for we 'll bet anything you like that when they think of Horace they think instinctively of a British Low Churchman and cricketer, never of a lewd Italian. So it can't seem to them fantastic to a Pantagruelist degree when somebody playfully sets Horace in the Athenæum among the bishops.

In our view, and (to coin a phrase) other things being equal, the only club in London Horace would be likely to frequent—and then only at long intervals as a foreign member, since he would naturally live in Rome, week-ending on the Sabine farm—is the R.A.C. The magnificence of that palace, the wit and bonhomie and savoir-vivre of the myriad members, the incomparable vivacious beauty of the women who glide up and down the marble entrance stairs, are about the nearest thing to chez Mæcenas you can find in London to-day, probably. Last time a chap took us into the R.A.C. we saw what might have been Augustus himself sporting and snorting majestically and alone in the great swimming-bath, præsens divus. You 'd find that equally at the Bath, of course, but we doubt if Horace would feel quite as much at home in Dover Street. For one thing, there aren't so many gold ash-trays, a thing chaps who (like Horace) are always rooting for the Simple Life are very keen about.

Pussycat

NELSON'S attendant lions in Trafalgar Square might have been a bright splendid red, one was sharply reminded the other day at a show of Old London pictures in Albemarle Street. Railton's original Academy design of 1846—who the devil was Railton ?—reveals a quadruple splash of almost Byzantine splendour. Certainly four red lions would have made a difference to the least attractive square to be found, possibly, in the heart of any civilised capital, with its monstrous Column throwing everything out of focus and making the dwarfed National Gallery even less impressive than the architect intended. In a half-hearted way they 're trying to tinker with Trafalgar Square by putting a couple more tinpot fountains in it, which will make no difference at all. It would have to be cleared of those statues before any real improvement was possible, and Landseer's big awkward pussies might go with them, who knows ?

The other day, just to be "difficult," somebody was defending these works of art in *The Times*, with dignity but not very convincingly. One felt a widowed elderly half-sister named Agatha had been egging him on, saying anybody decent ought to be able to get a dignified letter on any healthy topic into *The Times*, even if it turned up later among the junk in "Points from Letters." This is perfectly true, and we 've always thought Whistler's passionate fury because *The Times* first rejected, then printed only a selected portion of a certain letter was rather foolish. Whistler's was not a gentlemanly or even a decent letter. It questioned the infallibility of the Art Critic.

Dumb Friend

MOST leases of London flats in the genteeler quarters carry a clause saying the tenant must not keep a brothel, or harbour goats, or pursue any undesirable trade on the premises (such as sand-blasting, or breaking rogue elephants), but it seems that in Chelsea landlords don't mind people keeping ten-foot pythons in the flat, if such is their macabre fancy. Nor did the recent escape of Mr. Conan Doyle's engaging pet (found later up the chimney) perturb the villagers, who are used to strange and even morbid shapes in their midst. This nonchalance is due not to courage but to a fixed despair ; for when the evening mist clothes the Chelsea riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings—some of the newer blocks are pretty poor—lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys of Battersea and Lot's Road Power Stations become campanili, and Fairyland is before us, then the inhabitants of Chelsea face the dreadful choice, whether to mingle with their friends or cut their throats. "Life is a crossword without a clue," they murmur sadly as they replace the razor carefully in the medicine cupboard, for many of them have a gift for epigrams, the best of which may be ultimately traced to the works of Wilde, himself a one-time local.

As usual in such circumstances, citizens telephoned the police from all parts of London saying they had seen Mr. Doyle's python in their midst, which seems to give the lie to those who call this age the Aspirin Age and claim that the vast majority of citizens now live on this healthful food. Or it may be that the python did wander temporarily. Being a snake in Chelsea is no fun ; there are too many hard-boiled Eves in that Eden (explorers say) willing to tell him a thing or two.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"All my life I've been waiting for this moment"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sketches by Rouson

"The Shoemaker's Holiday" (Playhouse)

IT is a pity that this holiday comedy, which is one of the sappiest and sweetest in the English language, should, after lying too long on the shelf, now make its reappearance in a production so unexhilarating. The piece is a lively tribute to the gallant cordwainers of London Town, who champion virtue as bravely if not as elegantly as the knights of chivalry themselves. Simon Eyre, the master shoemaker who became Lord Mayor and built Leadenhall, presides over the rough revels with a gusto rarely matched in dramatic literature. "Mad," "fine," "jolly," "courageous," "lusty," are among the buoyant adjectives repeatedly employed by Dekker to give cheer and impetus to his army of Elizabethan nouns. And what an Elizabethan he was, rejoicing in the brisk life of his own time which he whipped up for topical consumption in countless plays and pamphlets while poets like Shakespeare dreamt of times and climes removed. If ever there wasn't a dreamer, it was Dekker, though he might, perhaps, have stolen forty winks at the Playhouse!

THE set, for one thing, is a depressant. Designed to represent a street of old London with a yard in the background, it has an air (misleading, I know, since Miss Nancy Price especially devised it) of having come out of stock or been run up for a sideshow in an exhibition. This one could more easily forget if, when the Lord Mayor and the Earl of Lincoln open the play, Mr. Bromley Davenport, who plays the earl, were not so confidential in his address that it is often impossible to share his secrets. A surgical operation might discover half his part still inside him. We are tempted to repeat the words of the galleryite who, on a certain occasion, cried out: "Tell us too!" Further disappointment comes with the appearance of Miss Mabel Constanduros as Margery, for if ever a part called for a buxom dame, that part is this, and buxom in build or attack Miss Constanduros anything but is. So words that were written to bounce fall flat. And though Mr. Edmund Willard's Simon Eyre is an oak, it is an oak without a heart. "Why," whispered my companion, "did you assure me that this play was fun?"

THE answer to that question is that if everyone had acted as well as Mr. Hedley Briggs, it would have been certain of a run till All Fools' Day. Mr. Briggs as the frisky Firk, one of Eyre's journeymen, tickles it like a clown of the first order—one would recommend him for resident clown at the Old Vic if that long-loved institution still held faith with Shakespeare, instead, it would seem, of regarding him as a plaguy old custom now to be observed only at intervals and, even then, to be rendered tolerable only by the introduction of some nifty shift. But let that pass. Mr. Briggs, sharp, definite, perky, impudent, alive, is the godsend of the night. If only the rest could cut the mutton to his capers!

Mad Simon Eyre with wife (Edmund Willard and Mabel Constanduros)

Smoking pipes of peace: Sir Roger Oateley (Morris Harvey) and Sir Hugh Lacy (A. Bromley Davenport)

Shoemakers large and small—with Elizabethan scenery in background (Hedley Briggs and Harold Warrender)

Pearl

A Dancer and a Wombat

Tatiana Riabouchinska is in Australia with Educational Ballets, the Russian company that was at Covent Garden last summer. They started their Australian tour with a season in Melbourne, and while they were there, went out to the famous Badger Creek Sanctuary at Healsville, and met some of the native inhabitants of the country. Tatiana Riabouchinska's friend is a wombat, a tough little creature about the size of a badger. Like the kangaroo, it carries its young in a pouch. More pictures of the company visiting Badger Creek are on the next two pages

A Bush Interlude to Ballet

After a winter in America and a summer in England (at Covent Garden), the Russian company of which M. Dandré is now head is having another summer in Australia, dancing their way round the continent. They opened in Melbourne on "crisis Wednesday" and are now near the end of their eight-weeks' season there. Arnold Haskell, who went out with them, reports (in the *Dancing Times*) a tremendous success—which was expected after the great welcome given to the Number Two de Basil company two years ago. There is an extraordinary enthusiasm for ballet in Australia, and audiences are both appreciative and critical. Lichine was unable to dance for the first weeks, owing to a bad knee, and some of his parts were being taken by Anton Dolin, who flew out to join the company for its opening. Articles by Arnold Haskell on the tour will appear later in the "Bystander"

1. Tamara Grigorieva with a baby koala at the Badger Creek Sanctuary, a kind of Melbourne Whipsnade

2. Kira Lerina, who is French, with a baby tiger cat

3. Pas de deux by Lara Obidenna and a kangaroo

4. Arnold Haskell in a beret, with two baby cats

5. Alexandra Denisova and an armful of koalas. She is Canadian and the youngest member of the company

6. David Lichine with a brelga or "native companion"

4

5

Photographs by Pearl

6

E. Meerkämper

Drawing Fivefold Spirals on the Fresh Surface of the Parsenn Fields

Snowman's Prospect: Prologue for a New Season

A Quiet Walk in Mürren: Ski-ers on their own Feet

The Parsenn, *which gives to one of the most famous win fixtures, the Parsenn Derby, i of snow-fields that lies direc and about three thousand feet oldest mountain centre in Su Davos in the Grisons (5150 f fields are fed by the Parsenn of the finest funicular achiev the country; it can carry 700 p an hour from Davos to the joch, start of the Parsenn runs standard run down through*

Klosters *is the base of a l from the Weissfluhjoch leadin over the Parsenn fields and (see caption above) and it is that the ski-er on the right p make. He will have another and sixty feet to drop tha standard run to Davos, for lies lower down the Bahn, at the point wh Silvretta Valley runs up eas the pass. Klosters lies at*

Mürren *lies in the Laut Valley of the Bernese Oberla by the Schilthorn on the west a Eiger, the Mönch and the Ju the east. Its funicular runs up thousand feet to the Allmendh there is a ski-lift to the Schil the picture on the left, the mist obscures these peaks. walkers, ski-less and slow typical group of youths and for social Mürren offers curling for the parents as sk the children. It lies at*

Norman Parkinson

"Come On!" The Ski-er Prepares to Run Down to Klosters to Lunch

gives its name
us winter sports
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directly north
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in Switzerland,
5150 ft.). The
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the Jungfrau on
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and an elder,
offers as good
as ski-ing for
at 5400 feet

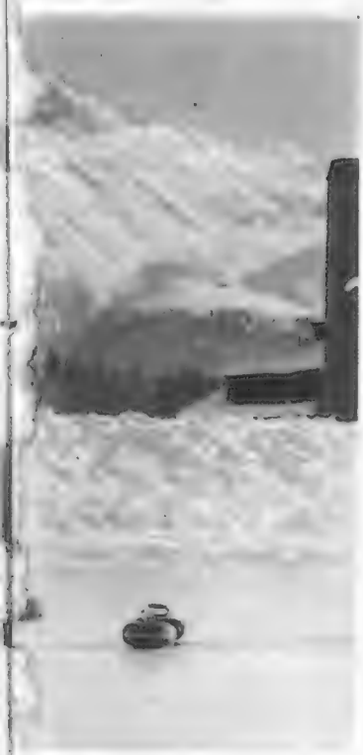
All Sorts of Winter Sports

The Cresta *is the most famous toboggan run in the world; Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon is one of its great veteran "riders." The sport is a hair-raising one, the armour worn is highly necessary. Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon himself crushed two fingers in a practice run at the beginning of last season at St. Moritz*

Curling *to those who know nothing about it is surrounded by something and good fellowship as freemasonry. The fact that in Switzerland it is scenery is of little concern to its addicts during a game. Sir John Jarvis was skip of a team competing for the Jackson Cup, the classic event of Guildford's M.P., and the initiator of the scheme by which Surrey "adopted"*

Ski-ing en famille *is the Christmas-holidays plan of more and more households. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough went out to St. Moritz last winter, and are here with their two elder daughters, Lady Sarah and Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill. The Duchess of Marlborough's corduroy suit was good for a non-ski-ing day. The Duke wore a tiny thermometer on his cap*

Ski-ing with a ski-lehrer *to oneself is the quickest way to improve, at whatever stage one has reached. Viscountess Churchill and her instructor were trudging up to the funicular station at the start of their day's work. She is a dashing downhill ski-er*



of the same air of mystery also surrounded by superb is a king curler; here he the Swiss season. He is the Jarrow distressed area

***Curling** demands suppleness, a straight eye, a strong right arm, intense concentration, and a profound understanding of its strategy. Sir Percy Bates has all these; experts will recognise his position here as ideal for the "follow-up" after "serving." (These are not technical terms.) He takes his curling seriously; it is his winter relaxation from his chairmanship of the Cunard-White Star line. He is also a keen fisherman*

***Skating** has a comparatively small number of full-timers, a large number of part-timers, a vast if casual audience. Lady Ursula Horne, for example, came down to the rink after a morning's ski-ing, to sit in the sun and watch*

***"Snow-booting"** in a place like St. Moritz is full of variety. Lord Tyrrell goes for walks in the sun, likes to watch ski-ing and skating. There is always sleighing, too, and horse-racing on the lake; in fact, endless spectator-sports*

***Ski-ing in class** is now everybody's cup of tea, from beginners to the experts who are taken off to do fast turns on precipitous slopes. Lady Claud Hamilton looks entirely workmanlike in her dark suit and Norwegian cap*

Heroine: Virginia Bruce as Joan Butterfield

"There Goes My Heart"

THAT crazy comedy is not yet surpassed is demonstrated by the two films juxtaposed on this page. *There Goes My Heart* (London Pavilion) is a pot-boiler of the best Hollywood type, technically excellent, good entertainment, quite unintelligent. It tells the tale of poor little rich girl Joan Butterfield, her momentary escape from wealth, how she is covered journalistically by Bill Spencer. We pick this film and the other for comparison largely because they feature two of Hollywood's best-known character players. In this, Eugene Pallette plays an editor (usually reserved for Walter Connolly). Pallette, a Kansas man, made a hit in *The Ghost Goes West*, is Friar Tuck in *Robin Hood*, was born in Kansas, piloted for the U.S. Air Force in the war, when he weighed 130 lbs.; now weighs 210. He has been twenty-one years in films

Comic: Eugene Pallette

Heroine: Katharine Hepburn as Linda Seton

"Free to Live"

THIS film, which comes to the Regal shortly, is also about a poor little rich girl who escapes from wealth, in this case by pinching her sister's fiancé. (Katharine Hepburn has played an heiress in her last three films.) Johnny Case, ordinary young man, gets mixed up with the rich Setons in the person of Julia. But he declines to have the rest of his life dictated, and it is here that Linda Seton steps in and declares her unconditional love. Edward Everett Horton in *Free to Live* plays an elderly and eccentric friend of Johnny's. Like Eugene Pallette, Horton is a free-lance actor who is in constant demand by the corporations. He is a Brooklyn man by birth, polished his gentlemanly manner at Columbia University, developed it on the stage for some years. Since recruiting to films, he has appeared in seventy-six, his best recently being *Lost Horizon*

Hero: Fredric March as Bill Spencer

Comic: Edward Everett Horton

Hero: Cary Grant as Johnny Case

Films of the Day

"You Can't Take It With You"

By George Campbell

You may be a munitions magnate with more millions than you can count, and more lawyers than you can shake a stick at; but if you 're not happy and have no real friends, what 's the good of it to you? After all, you can't take it with you. That is the theme of Frank Capra's new picture, and extraordinarily entertaining it is, with its crazy Vanderhof family, its farcical situations, and its lively, sometimes brilliant dialogue by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

We have seen many a crazy family since *Three-Cornered Moon*, but has there ever been a household so richly, gorgeously goofy as the Vanderhofs? Old Martin Vanderhof used to be a business man, but one day he went up in the lift and realised he wasn't having any fun, so he just turned round to the elevator boy and said "Down," and never went back.

His daughter used to be a painter of pictures that never sold. Now she writes plays that are never produced. Why? Because eight years ago somebody left a typewriter at the house. One daughter studies ballet-dancing under a Russian wrestler. Another, the sanest of the lot, is secretary to the magnate's son. Also living in the house are an ice-man who thought one day he 'd stay, a son-in-law who manufactures fireworks, and a clerk from the millionaire's office who likes to make toys.

The general idea is that it doesn't matter what you do so long as you enjoy doing it. If you stick to a job you hate just to make money, or because your family want you to, or because you have somebody dependent on you, you may think you are doing your duty, but you are just using fine words to mask lack of courage. Do what you will, trust in providence, and you will live like the lilies of the field.

It is a philosophy by no means disagreeable to the millions who dislike hard work and, conversely, enjoy sitting on fences in the sunshine and whittling sticks and playing the mouth-organ, like Martin Vanderhof. For this reason alone *You Can't Take It With You* is sure to be box-office. Two reels of it reconcile you to last year's suit and correspondence beginning "Unless—". At the end of five reels you are pitying the millionaires who can't live in this happy bedlam, with somebody letting off fireworks, or popping up with a frightful mask on, or laying the table to a pas seul, while somebody else paints or wrestles or hammers out a slashing curtain to Act II. Just how they cope with such un-jolly things as rent and bills for gas and groceries we never learn, and perhaps shouldn't ask, any more than we would of Walt Disney's Snow White.

To convert us, the fans, to the Vanderhof philosophy is all right: most of us need little persuasion that golf is better than money-grubbing, anyway. But when Messrs. Kaufman and Hart convert the ruthless millionaire, one of whose rivals has just gone and died of heart failure in the lavatory, that is stretching it a bit. The great man begins to weaken when everybody is dragged off to court for disturbing the peace, and he sees dozens of people in court all competing for the privilege of paying old Vanderhof's fine, whereas all he has is four lawyers. When his son—who loves the secretary—walks out and leaves him flat, without a single soul to toss a million or a directorship to, he is naturally all broken up and surrender is in sight. He drops in to ask advice from Grandpapa Vanderhof, is induced to join in a duet on the mouth-organ, and everything ends for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

It is a charming comedy, with a touch of broad humanity and wisdom in the fooling and some good horse-sense in lines such as: "Lincoln said, 'With malice toward none and charity to all'; but nowadays people say, 'You agree with me or I 'll bomb the daylight out of you.'" And the acting is first-rate. Lionel Barrymore repeats his familiar, but still effective, portrait of septuagenarian shrewdness; Edward Arnold is perfect as the magnate; James Stewart and Jean Arthur make a charming pair of lovers; and Henry Davenport contributes a gem of a miniature as the judge. A few small things struck me as oddly wrong—the very English Halliwell Hobbes as the Italian ice-man, De Pinna; the too obvious padding of Mischa Auer, playing the wrestler from Omsk; and the vulgarity of the English lord (Bruce Winston), calculating the length of his family tree in a cabaret and asking the heroine: "Have *you* got a family tree, my dear?" But these are minor blots on as effective a bit of popular entertainment as the year is likely to send us.

"Katia," a French film with a French director, Andre Algazy, brings back Danielle Darrieux in an historical drama that has certain affinities with *Mayerling*. It is the story of the unlucky Czar Alexander II. and his mistress, Princess Catherine Dolgoruki. He was kind and generous and liberal-minded, at a Court that insisted on sitting on the safety valve of reform until the top blew off in the Revolution. She was young—a precocious sixteen-year-old schoolgirl when they first met; gay and beautiful and touchingly devoted to Alexander, both as man and as Emperor. Princess Marthe Bibesco, who wrote the story, assures me that she encouraged Alexander to free the serfs, reform the penal code, and give Russia local self-government, and was always urging him to grant a constitution. She even caused a scandal by introducing the indecent waltz. The Czarina died. He married his Catherine privately, and was going to have her crowned; the constitution was drawn up. But some idiot of an anarchist threw a bomb, and that was the end of poor Alexander and poor Catherine, and (as some think) poor Russia.

Danielle Darrieux and John Loder

"Katia," the film at the Academy, is noticed by Mr. Campbell on this page. It is adapted from Princess Marthe Bibesco's novel, "Démon Bleu," and it shows La Darrieux (now a refugee from Hollywood, like Simone Simon) as Katia Dolgoruki, the young aristocrat who loved Alexander II. of Russia and nearly altered the course of history. John Loder makes a tour de force in French as the Emperor

Photographs by

Veronica Turleigh

James Laver's Actress Wife

Veronica Turleigh has been playing the Queen in *Hamlet* at the Old Vic—a Gertrude whose acting with Hamlet in the Arras Scene was extraordinarily moving in its tension and unhappiness. This is her third Old Vic play; she was in two of the 1933 productions. More recently her successes have been in *The Laughing Woman, Frolic Wind,* and *Busman's Honeymoon* (as Harriet Vane) last year. She is Irish, from Ballyhasky, Co. Donegal, went on the stage from the R.A.D.A. in 1924, married James Laver in 1928, about the time she was playing some memorable parts at the Gate Theatre. She and her husband live in Wellington Square with their small son and daughter

Anthony

James Laver

Veronica Turleigh's Author Husband

James Laver is Keeper of prints and drawings, and of paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He is also an author whose versatility is bewildering. His first literary success was a satirical poem called *A Stitch in Time* in 1927. His first play was from the Chinese — *The Circle of Chalk*, produced with Anna May Wong in 1928. His first novel was *Nymph Errant*, turned into a musical comedy for C. B. Cochran. His latest play, *The Heart Was Not Burned*, a Keats - Shelley - Byron fantasy, goes to the Gate Theatre on Friday. He has published books on the history of stage décor, on Wesley, on Whistler, on Tissot. And he has written some delightful books for his children

"Bystander" Short Story No. 165

The Clock

By Geoffrey Brereton

Illustration by Frost

EVERYTHING in the room was very quiet.

Tim Donovan's movements, calm and catlike, only deepened the pool of silence into which all inanimate things seemed to have sunk.

There was nothing noisy, nothing flustered in the way he stole about, *putting things straight.* His footsteps made scarcely more sound than his breathing.

He straightened the mat inside the entrance-door, stood up the blue vase on the table and rearranged the asters in it. Lucky it had not broken. There was still some water left in the bottom. The rest he mopped off the table with his handkerchief. In ten minutes the mark would have dried.

Anything else? That ruck in the hearth-rug. Better put it straight. The fire was burning well, but he threw some more coal on. The mantelpiece? Tidy. He caught his own reflection in the glass. He looked tidy himself—anyway, for a lorry-driver on a night trip.

And now for the old man. He was natural enough, lying in the big arm-chair with his hands dangling over the sides. His face was drawn up a little towards the right eye, but that was only to be expected, since he had died of heart failure. He had no hair to be ruffled. He would do very nicely.

Fingering the life-preserver in his overcoat pocket, Tim Donovan thanked his stars that things had not fallen out quite to plan. He had intended to knock, to be let in, and once the door was closed behind him, to fell the old man with one swift blow and go for the stuff.

Instead, he had slipped on the mat, had clutched at the old man without striking, raising one hand quickly to cover his mouth. They had reeled together towards the table, and suddenly the frail old body had gone limp and sagged to the floor. Donovan had pulled it into the fireside chair, and at once realised that the life had gone from it with no mark to cry "Murder!"

All the village knew that the old man had a weak heart. Donovan had heard enough about it, God knows, when—as a soft young lad—he had worked for him in the shop six years before. The snivelling old windbag! Well, at last he had got what he expected.

A man less familiar with the ground would have gone straight for the inner door and opened the till in the shop. But not Donovan. In his three months' employment he had discovered that the old man kept his money—the big packet that was worth having—inside the grandfather clock. As soon as he had put down the body he had opened the clock, found a small shelf down inside, and taken from it a tin cashbox. It was a cheap, flimsy affair, whose lock could easily be forced with a screwdriver.

So now everything was O.K. The cash-box would never be missed, since no one but himself and the old man would have known of its existence. He had only to walk cautiously out of the back door, as he had entered, and go half a mile down the road to the gravel-pit where he had hidden his lorry. There would be thirty minutes' running to make up, at the most. By early morning he would be in Bristol.

He stood for a moment before letting himself out, and looked carefully over the room. Everything was in order, yet somehow it looked wrong. The room which had remained stamped on his sub-conscious mind during six years was not the room he was in now.

The furniture was the same, if slightly more worn. The gas burned as steadily as when he used surreptitiously to peep in. But in those days there was never that sense of—how describe it?—of silence, of absolute quietude, of *deadness.* As though life had consciously ceased.

Tim Donovan was not afraid. He had seen worse sights than this one. An old man dead was much the same as an old man asleep. Obviously a corpse could not withdraw life from a whole room, and make it feel as though it had ceased to be a part of the moving world. No, there was something else.

Tim Donovan was not afraid. He was puzzled.

With his fingers half-turning the door-handle, he gave the problem up. It was no use wasting time. Time? The heavy grandfather clock marked five to eleven. A bit later, surely? Ah, now he had got it! What the room lacked was the grave, steady tick of the pendulum which you scarcely noticed until it had stopped.

Tim Donovan was a clever one. Among other things, he read detective books. He knew the importance of clocks. This one marked, within a few seconds, the instant of the murder. When he had taken out the cashbox he must have jostled the pendulum, or the weights.

Suppose someone, copper or tramp, noticed his lorry. Or suppose he was seen walking towards it, and the hour corresponded with the hour marked by those stopped hands. It was silly to leave clues of this sort behind. When the shop failed to open next morning and they came to see what was wrong, let them think that the old man had died any time during the twelve hours—of heart failure.

He opened the clock-case and gently swung the pendulum. The slow tick recommenced. It was going. No, it was getting slower. It hesitated, as a man's breathing might, then stopped altogether.

Four times he attempted to start the pendulum. Four times it ticked for a few swings, faltered, and became still.

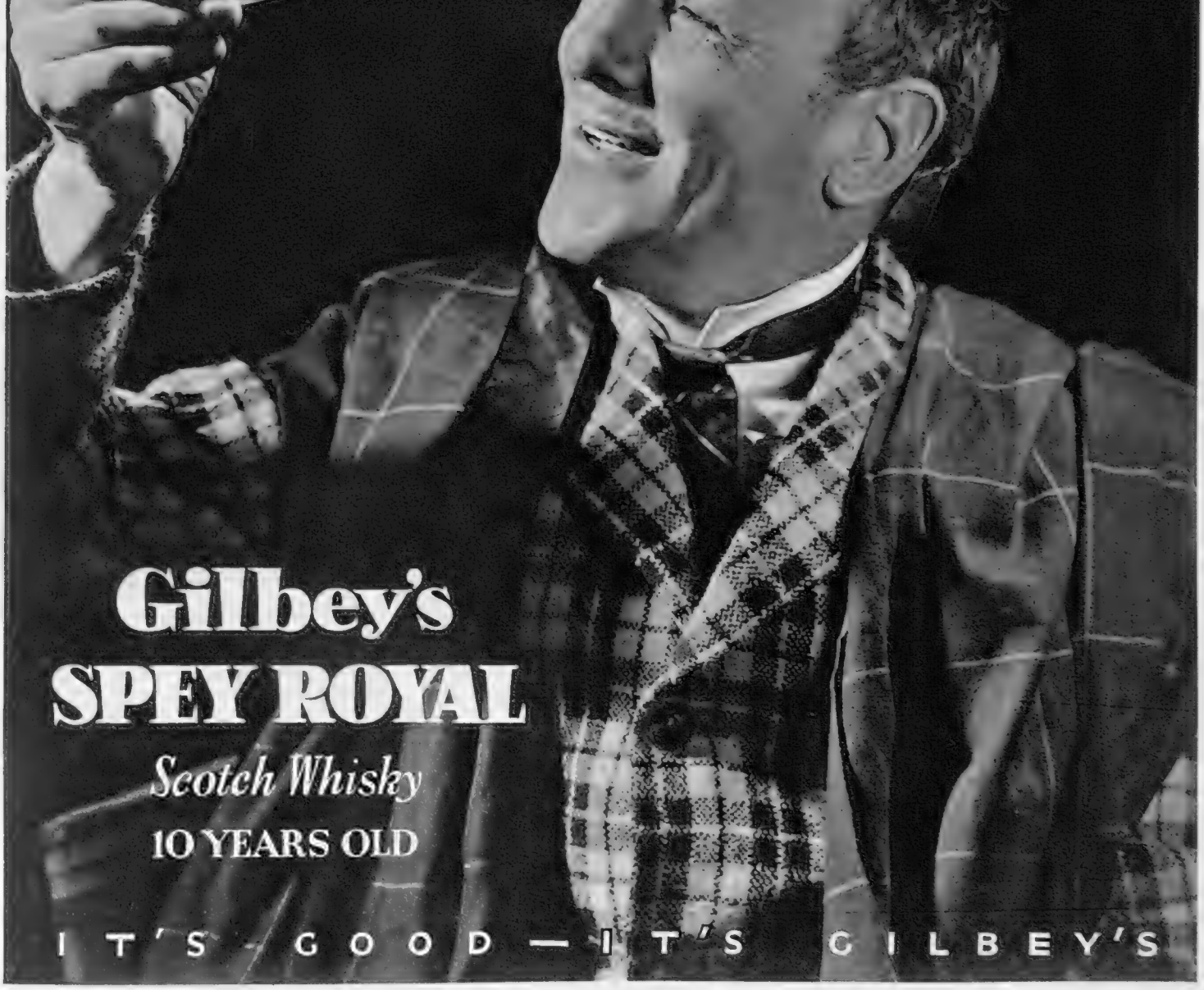
Tim Donovan was losing patience. The clock was obstinate. It was against him. It had, he seemed to remember, been the old man's favourite possession.

(Concluded on page 276)

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 9

A MacKintosh appreciates the real thing. They are the leading sept of the famous Clan Chattan, and therefore wear the box badge in their bonnets. Lachlan MacKintosh, who had been "out" in the Fifteen died childless in 1731 and with him the Curse of Moy began to be fulfilled. Thereafter for a hundred years no son succeeded his father as Chief of the Clan. It was Angus, Chief from 1827 to 1883 who broke the Curse and was followed by his son Alexander. It was "Colonel Anne" the wife of Angus XIII, who brought out the Clan for the Prince in 1745, while her husband half-heartedly supported the House of Hanover.



Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

Social Register Junior Version

The Christening of Lady Clarissa Duncombe

The Duchess of Kent was godmother to the Earl and Countess of Feversham's daughter when she was christened Clarissa at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Lord Feversham's sister, Lady Diana Worthington, and Lady Feversham's brother, the Hon. Charles Wood, were also godparents, with Lady Honor Channon, Sir Henry Price, and Cosmo Crawley to complete the sextet. The Fevershams were married in 1936, and Clarissa is their first child

Adrian Harold Bowden

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowden's son was christened at St. George's, Hanover Square. His father is the only son of Sir Harold Bowden, of Bestwood Lodge, Notts. His mother is Rumanian, was Lydia Eveline Manolovici before her marriage last year

Party Frocks for a Private View of Charity Toys

Miss Suzanne du Boulay had little Gillian Soames on her knee, Lady Anne Bridgeman had a peke, Mrs. Iain Murray had her daughter Virginia, and Mrs. Backhouse had her daughter Joanna. They were all at the party given at the Hon. Mrs. Murray's house in Lygon Place for a "private view" of the toys to be sold at the Christmas Toy Fair on November 23rd and 24th, in aid of the South London Hospital for Women. Mrs. Iain Murray is Suzanne du Boulay's sister. Mrs. Backhouse was Joan Woodroffe

Alick Rankin Tries a New Model

Lady Jean Rankin, the Earl of Stair's daughter, and Niall Rankin's wife, took her younger son Alick, aged three, to the Hon. Mrs. Murray's toy-party. The Fair itself will be at 54, Mount Street, the house of Viscountess Cowdray, Mrs. Murray's mother

Alexandra Mary Hilda Seely

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely's daughter was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Her father's niece, the Hon. Ela Beaumont (centre), Viscount and Viscountess Allendale's daughter, was a godmother. In front is her five-year-old step-sister, Victoria Seely. Her father is Sir Hugh Seely's brother, her mother was Mary Collins before her 1937 wedding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Collins

The Hon. Edward Cust

Pram-riding in the Park was Lord and Lady Brownlow's bare-headed, fair-haired son and heir, who was born in March two years ago. He has one sister aged ten. His parents live in Seymour Street, off Portman Square

Ninian Crichton-Stuart

Another pram-rider, hatted and dark-haired, was three-year-old Ninian Crichton-Stuart, son of Lord and Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart and grandson of the Marquess of Bute and the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. His home is in Southwick Place

The Hon. Michael Brougham At Home

Michael Brougham was born in September, is the first child of Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux. His mother was Jean Follett, is a niece of the Earl of Dunmore, married Lord Brougham as his second wife in 1935. Their home is in Cadogan Gardens. Lord Brougham has a six-year-old son by his first marriage

Mark Burrell Attends a Meet—

The Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell was hostess when the Crawley and Horsham held their opening meet at Knepp Castle, so naturally Mark attended in his pram. He was born last year, is her second son and fourth child. She is Lord Denman's only daughter, and her husband, Captain Walter Burrell, is Sir Merrik Burrell's heir

—So Does Viscount Chelsea

Countess Cadogan and her son (born in March, 1937) were at the opening meet of the Grafton, of which Earl Cadogan is the new Master. Little Lord Chelsea has a sister, born last February

The Hon. Edwina Maureen Stanley at Home

Five-year-old Edwina Maureen Stanley is with her mother, Lady Stanley of Alderley, who is the Earl of Shrewsbury's sister. She married Lord Stanley in 1932, and divorced him in 1936, and Edwina was their only child. Lord Stanley sold Alderley Park, which had been in his family five hundred years, last July

Stowe v. Oundle at Stowe: a view of the match which Stowe won by a goal, penalty goal and three tries to a goal and two tries

Howard Marshall on Sport

By the time you read this it will probably be snowing. But I 'm only just recovering from the surprise of being able to watch a football match in November without an overcoat.

This genial autumn, at any rate, has been very pleasant, and I envied those fortunate ones who could escape to fish for grayling in the sunshine.

There are, I know, many owners of trout-streams who regard grayling as vermin and will net them out of the water or destroy them by any means that comes to hand. To my mind the grayling provides a most delightful extension of the trout-fishing season. And I can imagine nothing pleasanter than a day on a south country chalk stream with the leaves just turning and the air soft and mellow and the grayling just dimpling the surface.

Have you ever eaten a grayling fresh from the river, by the way? Properly cooked, it beats all the trout that were ever put in a frying-pan.

Unfortunately, I have had to do my grayling fishing in reverie by the fireside, for there are football matches to watch even when the weather is most unsuitable for them.

So far this season, the Rugby forward—in England, at any rate—has not had a proper afternoon. Always the turf has been dry and the going good, and I pine for a day when mud will place a premium on the real slogging stuff which is the pith and marrow of the game.

Apparently the Welsh Selectors had a wet afternoon for their first trial match at Cardiff; and their labours were very ill-rewarded.

It is true that International players had not been included. But the back play, by all accounts, was very indifferent. This will, no doubt, be remedied when such experts as W. Wooller, W. T. H. Davies, Haydn Tanner and A. Bassett return to the fold.

And in the meanwhile, the Selectors have the consolation of knowing that there is apparently plenty of good scrummaging material in Wales.

There seems to be great interest in this season's International matches, if I may judge from the number of people who have already asked me about tickets for the first one at Twickenham between England and Wales on January 21st. Possibly this is a reaction after last year's International Championship, which certainly produced some remarkable games.

It is sad to record, incidentally, that R. C. S. Dick, that great Scottish centre, is unlikely to be seen much more in first-class football. He has taken an appointment at Windsor and will be unable to play for St. Mary's after December, which presumably

***The ladies** attended in force for the Quorn's opening meet at Kirby Gate. In this group are included Mrs. Charles Pym, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Mrs. Arthur Pilkington, Mrs. Reggie Farquhar, Mrs. Leo Partridge, Mrs. George Earle, and Mrs. Roland Spencer*

***The Beaufort** made a*
Capt. A. S. C. Browne,
park, near Chippenham. On
(speaking), Capt. Spicer

Oxford's *Rugger secretary and captain for 1938-9 are both internationals: R. M. Marshall (Giggleswick and Trinity) and Hubert Freakes (Rhodes University, South Africa, and Magdalen)*

Cambridge's *secretary and captain are J. G. S. Forrest (Strathallan and St. Catharine's) and W. O. Chadwick (Tonbridge and St. John's). The inter-'Varsity match at Twickenham is fixed for Dec. 6th*

The Cresta Ball *was the subject of discussion at a party given at the Embassy, where these two Cresta riders were: Captain Jimmy Coates and Captain the Hon. Jack Mitford. The ball is due at the Dorchester, Dec. 8th*

means that Scotland will not be able to consider him.

Scotland are rich in mid-field players just now; and possibly they can stand the loss better than the other home countries. But, even so, it is hard to be deprived of so exceptional a footballer and spectators will greatly regret his absence.

OTHER notable sporting figures have retired during the last week or so, among them Walter Hagen and Macdonald Smith, those remarkable golfers.

Smith and Hagen were strangely contrasted. I suppose the experts would say that from the stylist's point of view Smith was unquestionably the better player of the two. What is more, when the scores of the foremost professional players were analysed over a period of eight years, Smith headed the list with an average of 73 for 274 rounds.

These astonishing figures show how consistent he was. And yet, in twenty-five years, he has never won a major championship. I suppose we must say that he just lacked the competition temperament, which Hagen had in superabundant quantity.

Hagen, indeed, was chiefly remarkable for his ability to pull out phenomenal shots and scores just when they were most needed. And of all professional American invaders in recent years, he was the most feared.

THEN we have the sad duty of recording the death of a great little man—W. E. Pickford, President of the Football Association. Only a fortnight ago he was presiding at the F.A.'s seventy-fifth annual banquet; and, on that rather hectic and crowded evening, he looked good for many more years' service.

He has been in the higher councils of Association football for over fifty years, and his keen mind and passionate love of the game will be a severe loss to football.

IF I may jump back to golf for a moment, I hope profoundly that the European Golf Association, which met at Luxemburg over the week-end, will have weighed-in heavily against the proposal to restrict the power of the golf ball.

One of the dangers with the legislators of our great games is that they are apt to consider a few outstanding performers, while they forget the average player, who really makes the game.

The average golfer, I am quite certain, doesn't wish to have the length of his drive curtailed, even though a few giants can make most courses look too short.

It is rather significant, too, that in the last Amateur Championship and the Walker Cup matches, the average carry was found to be only 218 yards. And if that is all the potential champions can manage, the average player clearly cannot welcome the prospect of a ball which will be even harder to propel towards the green.

presentation to its retiring secretary, when hounds met in Sir Audley Neeld's the stage here are the Duke of Beaufort (jt.-master), Capt. and Mrs. Browne (right)

Coursing *by the Dorchester and District C.C. on Crichel Downs was watched by the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, Mr. C. Phipps, Lord and Lady Weymouth, Lady Stavordale, Mrs. Phipps Hornby, Lord Stavordale (pres.), Lord Ebury, and Mr. Dunne*

Queen's *women's team for the inter-club championship was Miss Susan Noel, Woman Champion, 1932-4, Mrs. Strawson, Mrs. Porter (captain), Mrs. Backhouse*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Driving in Foursomes

An extremely stupid man told me at the beginning of the year that all we had to do to win the Walker Cup was to select the best eight golfers to represent us, which is obviously very sound, but he then went on to say, which is certainly far from sound, that it did not matter a blow in what order the selected players played, who played with who in the foursomes, who drove at which holes, and who was captain of the side.

I suppose to an outsider it does appear very strange that supposing in Singles B and C are equally good players; A, when playing with B as a partner, can beat nearly all opposition; while A with C as a partner can hardly win a match even against mediocre performers. It is nevertheless true. It is just as important for a golf team to have a good captain as it is for a cricket or football team. If we look at past results we can find very numerous cases where good captaincy has snatched a match out of the fire, and also just as many cases where bad captaincy has thrown a match into the fire. It is sad to think that there have been cases in Walker Cup, Curtis Cup, and also Ryder Cup matches where errors in captaincy have contributed in no small degree to our defeats.

To-day I intend to write something about the best holes for certain players to drive at in two very important foursomes tournaments—namely, the Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes and the Halford Hewitt Cup Tournament.

In spite of the Worplesdon Foursomes having been played since 1921 there are still arguments as to which holes it is better for the lady to drive at. A will tell you there is not the slightest doubt that the lady should drive at the odd holes, while B is equally convinced that the side will do better if the lady drives at the even holes. There is little doubt that in certain cases both A and B are right. It depends so much on the lady. Suppose Edward Storey and Mrs. Garon each tee'd balls and hit drives until they were satisfied that they had hit a really good one right off the meat, and then Mrs. Garon played a brassie shot with Storey's longest ball and Storey played a brassie shot with Mrs. Garon's longest ball. When the brassie shots had been played, which ball do you think would have covered more ground? There is no doubt in my mind, although I have not carried out this experiment, that the ball played from the tee by Mrs. Garon would have gone farther in two shots than the ball driven by Storey. If this is so it is clear that at holes where there is any doubt about getting up in two the lady should drive.

After the final at Worplesdon this year some expressed the view that the result might have been different if Miss Morgan had driven at the even holes, instead of at the odd holes. Some even stated that this order of driving would have suited this particular pair much better. The same people do not appear to have considered at all the fact that up to the final Miss Morgan and Morrice, with Morrice driving at the even holes, had produced more brilliant golf than any other pair in the tournament, so I think you will be ill-advised to argue that they drove at the wrong holes.

It is clear in some cases that it is advisable for the lady to drive at the odd holes, and in other cases for the man to do so. It depends entirely on the type of golfers they are. Those who are in favour of the lady driving at the even holes point out that the long one-shot seventh and thirteenth holes at Worplesdon are very difficult holes for a lady to drive at, but they seem to forget that these holes are also very difficult holes for a man to drive at.

In the final this year Storey was bunkered off the tee at the thirteenth in the morning and at the seventh in the afternoon, while Miss Morgan's four tee shots at these holes all finished on the greens. Of course, also the playing conditions of the course must be taken into consideration. When the course is playing slow it might be advisable in certain cases for the lady to drive at certain holes and for her to drive at the opposite holes when the course is playing fast and there is no difficulty in reaching the long holes in two shots.

There is so much to be said for and against the lady driving at the odd holes that I do not think it really makes very much difference where she drives providing she is a first-class player and has a first-class partner.

At Deal, on the other hand, it does make an extraordinary amount of difference at which holes certain players drive. There is absolutely no doubt whatsoever that the better player should drive at the even holes. If he does so he gets all the three one-shot holes, and these holes, especially when the wind is blowing, are never easy, and he has to play difficult shot after difficult shot, while the man who drives at the odd holes has an easy time of it, and has, provided his partner does what he ought to do, bar the second shot to the second hole and the second shot to the tenth hole, nothing but straightforward shots to play. At Deal (I am referring to the course before the alterations were made) a really good player driving at the even holes with a steady but not very brilliant partner, is quite capable of getting brilliant results. At Deal the better player should drive at the even holes, and very often at Worplesdon, whether the better player be man or woman.

Mr. Morrison and Miss Hartopp

The golf wedding of last week took place at All Souls', Langham Place, between John Morrison, elder son of the late J. F. Morrison and Mrs. F. E. Bourn, and Gwendoline Cradock-Hartopp, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cradock-Hartopp. The bridegroom and bride have often made golf partnerships

Major Evan Smith, secretary of the Bramley Golf Club and of the Golfing Alliance, and Captain R. W. Hocking, assistant secretary of the G.A., were photographed at the Guildford Alliance meeting, held at Camberley Heath

Merton Jones, captain of the Hazard's G.S., and A. J. McLennan won the foursomes at the Society's meeting at Denham, beating E. H. Chambers and C. W. Measor after a tie. McLennan, who plays from a handicap of five, won the first division prize

The new secretary of Prince's, Sandwich, is Mr. J. Murray-Brown, secretary at Frinton-on-Sea for twelve years. He takes over at Sandwich on December 1

This England . . .

Hawnby Hill—North Yorkshire.

NOW is the work of storage at an end, and summer's riches have been laid away. The hay is in rick and the roots are in clamp, the hams are hung up and the wood in the shed, that man and beast may be warmed and fed against the winter harshness. Nor must we forget another great storage of the summer's wealth—our Worthington, rich compound of the barley and the hop. Hold it to the light and see the sunshine gleam again—taste it and feel the vigour of those open days return. Remember, too, that it was devised by our fathers to protect and comfort when the day dies at four and the wind's in the east. A Worthington, then, to your winter health !

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Parliamentary

By Eleanor E. Helme

Waiting for the fog to blow by at Camberley Heath, where the Surrey autumn meeting was held, were Miss Jean Hamilton and Mrs. Crosthwaite. The former won the scratch aggregate prize

Waiting for Miss Helme to take a photograph at Camberley Heath were Mrs. A. C. Critchley, who won the scratch prize with 75, and Miss Joan Henderson, a promising young player from Royal Wimbledon

WHAT a fatal fascination there is about words, and, accordingly, about a dictionary. Why does anybody listen to a broadcast of a spelling-bee? And why, having listened, is the impulse insistent to think about other words, and then to look them up in a dictionary, if not for their spelling, then for their meaning?

Thus, having written "parliamentary" at the top of a nice, clean sheet of paper, I have been impelled to get out the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*; and having with difficulty avoided more exciting words on the same page, such as "paronomasia," "parotitis"—may you never have the one nor I the other—"parricide" and "parse," I arrived at "Parliamentary: Of Parliament; enacted by Parliament: p. train (carrying passengers at rate not above 1d. per mile): (of language) admissible in Parliament; (colloq.) civil." So now you and I know all about the Parliamentary Ladies' Golf Association, and can decide for ourselves which definition applies exactly to each of its members, after ruling out the "p. train" as inapplicable to the Rolls and other such-like cars which may be found parked at any club where a "p. meeting" is in train.

Having ruminated thus far, I come to the conclusion that perhaps I myself am already in an advanced stage of paronomasia, and must pull myself together if I am to give a straight description of the good day's golf at Stoke Poges when Parliamentary ladies beat Senior men with special credit to themselves. Both bodies know Stoke Poges well, having official right to play there, so that the Seniors could not say they had been caught unawares in a foreign land. The plain truth was that they should hardly have hoped to give six strokes in addition to the statutory three-fourths of the difference in handicap in the singles, now that the L.P.G.A. has outgrown the days when its members took their golf lightly. Some of them now are serious in the extreme, abounding in keenness, properly equipped with L.G.U. handicaps, and looking almost coldly on those without; fashionable both as to clubs and clothes. In the early days of Parliamentary golf, the clothes were almost funnier than the golf, giving the impression that the wearers thought, if they thought about it at all, that the links were the best place to wear out garments rather past work in other spheres.

THERE was a good, full-blooded atmosphere of battle at Stoke that day. Not only in the individual matches, close and fought out with proper determination, but also when it came to bargaining after lunch for what the odds should be in the afternoon. The arguments would have done no discredit to any die-hards of a past generation of golfers. The Seniors, four down as they were on the morning's eight singles, were in no mood to play the foursomes under such conditions as would mean nothing better than a halved match even if they should win them all. So they now told the Parliamentary ladies, firmly, though in perfectly Parliamentary language, that Seniors are accustomed to count one and a half points for each foursome. A subtle difference that, giving great hope to the side in arrears. The Parliamentary ladies, in equally Parliamentary language, agreed, but argle-bargled sufficiently over strokes until they were given five in the fifteen holes played.

The net result was that both sides won two foursomes and lost two, so the Parliamentary ladies got home on the day by nine points to five, and left the Seniors sadder but wiser men, Mr. Battock the only one of them who had won both morning and afternoon. On the other hand, Mrs. T. H. Harker, Mrs. Locker-Lampson, Mrs. Hugh Cullen and the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham had all won twice, with wins in the singles for Mrs. Malcolm McCorquodale and the Countess of Brecknock as well.

IT is good to see the will with which Lady Brecknock hits the ball nowadays. Keen she always was; now the keenness has been translated into her swing, so that she really goes for the ball, and hits a good hearty crack with a pleasing snap about it.

Another member whose golf is coming on apace, and who was hitting the ball extremely well that day at Stoke, is Mrs. Godfrey Locker-Lampson. The rhythmists, as opposed to those who speak in terms of brute force, must find her game truly delightful, for never was there less physical power or weight behind a shot. But balance and timing are there, and the result is a young golfer who ought to go along well, taking not a few opponents by surprise, as she took Sir Richard Needham and Admiral James that day.

Stoke Poges was playing perfectly, and the autumn tints were quite beautiful. Girls of the Girls' Championship would have found the place even lovelier than in September. Next year's week, by the way, is definitely fixed for September 11th, International; 12th, Girls' Golfing Society; 13th to 15th, Girls' Championship.

***Golfing sisters:** one of the best-known families of lady golfers are the Leitchs, five daughters of the late Dr. and Mrs. Leitch, of Silloth, Cumberland. They were all available for a photograph at the "Star" ladies' inter-club foursomes (won by Camberley Heath) and are, left to right, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, Miss Chris Leitch, Miss Cecil Leitch, Mrs. R. M. Millar*

Fashion as it flies...

by Elizabeth

Every season brings something different in winter sports equipment, and this year there are trousers called "Vorlage" which are designed on the lines of those worn by Norwegian ski-jumpers. They are "streamline," with long, tight-fitting legs which fit into the top of the boot. Harrods, Knightsbridge, are showing them in their Winter Sports shop, which is once more under the personal supervision of Mr. G. D. Greenland, who is well known for his expert advice. These new trousers in proofed gabardine are shown on the right, accompanied by a collarless wind-jacket in proofed poplin and serge with a contrasting waistcoat. Bands of coloured embroidery are introduced round the waist and cuffs, while an attractive set of wool accessories for 25s.6d. completes the scheme. An interesting and amusing film, entitled *Now and Then*, is being shown daily in this department. It compares winter sports in 1900 with those of to-day, and shows how quickly the modern novice learns to be an expert ski-er

Going Abroad

The problem of ski-ing clothes and equipment can be very bewildering to anyone who has never ski-ed in her life, so I propose to offer a few words of advice for the benefit of novices. Be sure to have the right boots, as they are most important, and the wrong kind or a badly fitting pair may ruin your holiday. Take at least three pairs of heavy wool socks dressed with oil, and invest in strong, hard-wearing mitts. There are some in horse-hide, lined, and others unlined with a separate inner glove which will keep even the novice comparatively dry. Finally, let Lillywhites of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge help you to get all these things, together with your actual ski-suit and any other equipment

A smart alternative to the new Vorlage trousers are plus fours like those above in proofed Barathea for three and a half guineas. They are very practical and look extremely good with a rather gay tweed jacket. Lillywhites have the latter in various bright checks, cut on tailored lines with high revers and buttons down the front. They are shaped at the waist and are equally useful for wearing with slacks at tea-time and after ski-ing. In several attractive colours they cost four and a half guineas. For those who prefer rather more sober colouring, there is an excellent man-tailored classic suit in two-fold worsted proofed Barathea for seven guineas. The plus fours have sliding fasteners and can be converted to ankle-length, while the hip-length jacket buttons up to the throat

Ski-ing clothes are essentially gay this year, and there is a strong feeling for Swiss embroidery and vivid colours in wind-jackets and waistcoats. Lillywhites are showing a fascinating collection of suits at both their branches, as all their stock is duplicated and everything to be found at Piccadilly Circus may also be seen at Knightsbridge. An attractive outfit has been chosen by the ski-er on the left. The wind-jacket is in proofed poplin with Swiss hand-embroidery across the front and a sliding fastener. It is made in sky, white, navy or black, and costs three guineas. Her grey Vorlage trousers are in proofed whipcord with a special inside grip at the waist, and side fastenings. They cost three and a half guineas and are also obtainable in navy gabardine for two and a half guineas. Her leather mitts have knitted cuffs

pictured by pam
discovered by peter

The bystander twins in search of novelties

For warm, sunny days Jaeger suggest this check ski-ing waistcoat with coarsely knitted white wool sleeves. It is made in several attractive colours, including red, green and cyclamen, all with white, and costs 29/6, or 25/9 without sleeves. The hooded cap with scarf ends is 15/6

Carry all you need for running repairs in this white canvas bag from Selfridge's, Oxford Street. Printed with blue ski-ing figures, it slips through a white leather belt and is worn round the waist. There is room for a packet of sandwiches as well as powder and lipstick, and it only costs 14/6

In nearly all sports, a wide and uninterrupted field of vision is definitely required, and this is obtainable with Hamblin's "Full Field" spectacles sketched on this page. The pair above are less conspicuous than the goggles, but afford equal comfort. They are very soothing in strong sunlight, and, being fitted with "Salvoc" safety lenses, will not fly into dangerous splinters even when smashed

Ski-ing in brilliant sunshine without dark glasses can be very trying to the eyes, so be sure to provide yourself with Hamblin's (15, Wigmore Street) "Full Field" goggles sketched above. Fitted with "Salvoc Yellow" safety lenses, they were chosen by the 1933 Mount Everest Expedition, and are ideal for any form of outdoor sport

If you want to be original you will choose this amusing Cossack cap and scarf in green and white wool. The hat is white with a green chin-strap, while the scarf and gloves are carried out in the same two colours. The set complete costs a guinea, and may be seen in the Winter Sports Shop at Selfridge's

This Red Riding Hood cape will prove a great protection should you get caught in a snow-storm or fall on the slopes. It is made in proofed poplin with a draw string which ties under the chin, and it costs a guinea at Jaeger's, 204, Regent Street

Your ski-ing outfit must include a pair of mitts, and here are some in proofed gabardine lined with fleecy wool. They are dark-blue with white chrome palms, and have a small purse concealed in the gauntlets which are enlivened by strips of gaily coloured felt. Selfridge's have them for 10/6, together with Norwegian belts in coloured felt for 5/11

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A German Monster

By V. S. Pritchett

THERE have been many German novels about the inflation period. It was a time when the urgencies of politics and social upheaval brought the journalist to the top or drove the novelist into journalism; and the result was several amorphous and, in my opinion, good second-rate monsters like Döblin's *Alexanderplatz*. Nothing will convince me that that was a great book. And now comes Hans Fallada with *Wolf Among Wolves* (Putnam; 8*s.* 6*d.*), a thousand-page novel which ought to be sold by the ton or the acre, dealing with the same period. Once more the old familiar faces, and the old familiar back streets of the Alexanderplatz appear, with their vulgar and bloated Bohemianism. No doubt Berlin *was* like this: the more one considers German art and writing of the post-war period the more despairing and chaotic they seem, with only the native Gothic feeling for the grotesque to give them character. Hans Fallada is permitted in Germany and is therefore emasculated politically. He is yet another of the skilful but monotonous realists.

Any competent novelist would have cut this book by more than half. The story is conventional in its kind: Berlin, the mark daily more astronomical; the young girl on the streets because of it; her lover, a decent young officer, driven to live by gambling; and in the background the old rural life of aristocratic Prussia, tottering, half-dazed by the situation, but consumed by its own old family feuds and private corruption. A putsch is being prepared in the country; it is betrayed. Open the book anywhere and there are scenes as diverse as a drug addict's frantic taxi-ride in search of cocaine, a respectable gambling hell, an attempt at murder in a forest, lovers in bed, quarrels with landladies, a visit to a profiteer's mansion, a police raid, a rag-picker's homily in prison, an aristocratic lady's morning bicker with her old servant, and so on. This is the story behind the headlines and it is always adequately done. *Wolf Among Wolves* is a novel of innumerable fine strokes, but so fine that they become lost in the end in a lithographic blur; each episode is fitted exactly in its place, but with that repetitive interlocking which seems less like art and more like the fussing patience of some long-winded old clockmaker out of Grimm.

MR. BUCHANAN, on the other hand, improves. *Entanglement* (Constable; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is much better than his earlier books, is less priggish, sentimental and mannered. He has written a novel about people as they are affected by what may be called "our situation." What is "our situation"? We live, as Mr. Wells is always pointing out, in huge cities, surrounded by modern invention, exploited by it or exploiting it, and trying to do so with seventeenth-century minds. We are, therefore, puzzled and frustrated. What a novelist can do is, first of all, to collect data. For example, Mr. Buchanan would say, to tell perspicaciously without satire about the girls in the tobacco kiosk, the news-agent's, the men in shops and offices, the business man, the workman, the man in the street. So Mr. Buchanan observes the mix-up of classes. Kevin, in the wireless shop, is taken up by the family in the luxury flat; Vincent, the civil servant—a telling sketch this—has a row with "a cad" on his honeymoon in Switzerland. There are various current idealisms: the theosophical lady who infects Charles, an aeroplane manufacturer, with mysticism; Tom, the worker, fights in Spain and comes back thinking he had better fight here. And so on. Mr. Buchanan's data is best when obviously on the spot: "A radio in the room began to broadcast the Coronation Service, as it took place in the Abbey, a service that appeared to go on interminably. Mr. Tiller, of Detroit, in a loud, twanging voice exclaimed: 'Do you know they haven't heating in the churches over here?' A moment later he took a snapshot of his wife, saying amiably 'You look terrible.' Another voice was heard in strident conversation: 'Unless Britain becomes vegetarian she's doomed.'" The book has the defects of its qualities: data reduces everything to a lowest common monotone, topicality dates and some of Mr. Buchanan's comments are a shade bookish. But there is a distinction in this book. It is economical and readable.

George Buchanan

The Irish-born ex-journalist has just published his fifth book, with Messrs. Constable. It is called "Entanglement," is a mosaic of modern conditions of life, is reviewed here

YEARS ago in Dublin, at the time of the Irish civil war, one would see the tall, gaunt and distinguished figure of an elderly and fanatical woman, standing on some mound of ruins in O'Connell Street and haranguing a tiny and ragged crowd of young "diehards," as they were called, or bearing a sandwich-board with the words "Release the Prisoners" on it. She was Maud Gonne MacBride, more than ever like Kathleen na Houhlihan, the old woman, as one sees her in the play. And with that fervid egotism which is so free of self-consciousness and which many of the Irish have, she has re-created her own youth in her autobiography, *A Servant of the Queen* (Gollancz; 10*s.* 6*d.*). She was thought to be the most beautiful and the most reckless woman in Ireland. For a woman to be able to suggest her own beauty and to convince the reader of her enormous personality without being a bore, is an achievement, but so many things become legendary at once to the Irish touch that to re-create a legend has been a natural and spontaneous act to Mrs. MacBride. It is entirely successful. Dead as the Irish politics of the Land League, the evictions and the early days of Sein Fein are, she revives dramatically their old rankling, biting, laughing and searing fire and the extraordinary story of her own abandonment of her own class for the fight. One's disappointment is that she stops with her unconventional marriage to a conventional man and when her own fight was still young.

THE first life of Toulouse-Lautrec to appear in English, by Gerstle Mack (Cape; 25*s.*), is a scholarly collection of material, if diffuse both as biography and criticism. Toulouse-Lautrec's story is a most curious one. Intended by his father to be a hard-riding country gentleman, the son was withheld from this by the disaster which occurred to his legs. They never grew and he remained a dwarf, a comical little fellow with a black beard, whose feet did not touch the floor. His abnormality was borne with extraordinary courage and dignity as his letters show, but it drove him out of "normal" society to the life of the café concerts and brothels of Montmartre. These engrossed him, were almost his sole subjects, and sent him to an early death from alcoholism. On his death, when his position as a painter was established, his father very honourably and with the family quixotry declined any credit or gratification for the fame he had done nothing to foster. The book contains a vivid anecdotal history of the Montmartre *boîtes* of the period and lively sketches of such greedy, quick-tongued enchantresses as La Goulue, whose heyday was soon over and who ended her days penniless in an asylum.

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Two gracious perfumes, each bewilderingly beautiful yet each created to accent a particular mood : Crêpe de Chine, which has already enjoyed such a flattering success, is an exotic . . . in whose subtle depths dwells the very ecstasy of haunting loveliness . . .

Now comes Récital, attuned to your lighter, gayer moods. The lilting perfumes of Spring are here : the fragrance of Hyacinth, of Jasmin, of Chypre . . . harmoniously commingled.

The "introductory" size of Crêpe de Chine is 4/6 ; of Récital 5/–.

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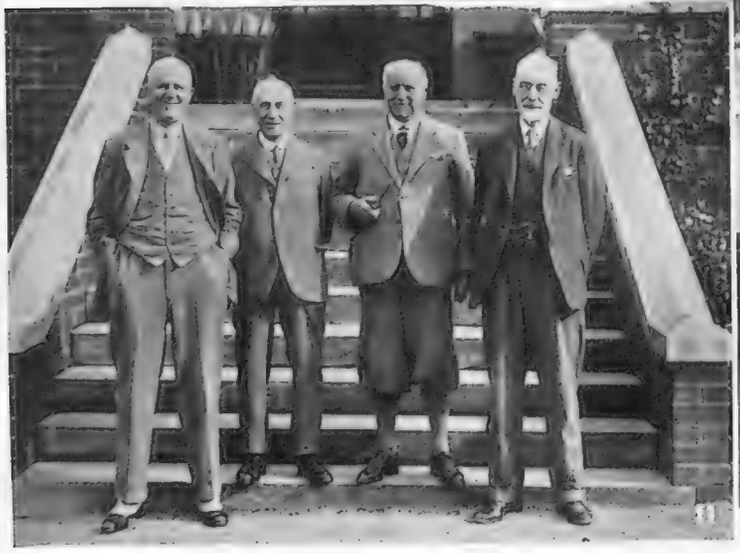
Golf Clubs at Home

Oakdale, Harrogate

The Oakdale Golf Club at Harrogate is centrally located with regard to the spa from which it is only ten minutes distant, but its situation is not at all urban. When the Club was formed in 1914, its club-house was in one of Harrogate's streets, but the fine new building, opened by the late Lord Hawke in 1928, stands a hundred yards or so lower down. The course is enlivened by fine trees and a beck

(1) F. L. Nokes (Rabbits' captain). (2) R. Hughes (committee). (3) D. J. Baxter (committee). (4) H. W. Sabine (secretary). (5) Major M. H. Marshall. (6) J. H. Matthews. (7) H. E. Ellis (captain). (8) A. Yates (professional) and E. Gray (steward). (9) R. S. Street, G. Will, F. Idle. (10) F. C. Iles. (11) J. Collins, S. Ashworth (vice-president), J. A. Marsden (vice-president), W. A. Harland.



A View of the Club-house

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

Say

BOOTH'S

DRY GIN

and you're *certain* to get the best

BOOTH'S

THE *Matured* GIN

C.F.H.

The Clock

(Continued from page 260)

Then he chuckled. He was cleverer than an old clock. If it would not go, it should at least appear to have stopped later.

He opened the face, reaching up to do so. The clock was massive and tall, a regular outsize piece. "John Lye, 1804," he read in letters half-obliterated. He took the minute-hand under his finger and twirled it round.

Eleven—half-past—twelve—half-past.

A sudden croak issued from the interior. Startled, he released the minute-hand. The clock began to strike, quickly, violently, as though it resented Donovan's touch and was voicing its anger.

He waited with an annoyed expression. It would strike twelve, and then he would put it on, slowly this time, to about four o'clock. The clock struck twelve and continued striking. He had violated the mechanism and the clapper was rebelling against him. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five. There was no end to it.

It rang out in the stillness like a fire-alarm, like a burglar-alarm, like a concatenation of police whistles. Probably it could not be heard outside that one room, but to Donovan it appeared that the whole village must be echoing with it.

He saw no way of stopping it, short of smashing the clock. And that would make more noise still.

What was that? Had the old man stirred? He whipped round, really scared this time. For a second he fancied that the dead face was leering at him.

It was only a spurt of firelight playing on the distorted cheek. He could see that now. "Come, Tim," he thought, "get yourself in hand. Finish this easy job and be gone."

If only this bedevilled clock would stop! It whirred inside like a thing gone mad.

He was about to pick up a poker and smash the works, noise or no noise, when the striking began to slow down. The whirring became a wheeze. The strokes were spaced out more and more, until it was agony waiting for them to come. At last a wheeze was followed by no stroke at all. The clock had finished.

Donovan went to the door and listened. There were no police whistles, no neighbours running. The old man's last card had failed to make.

Donovan smiled. The clock had certainly frightened him. But he was not going to leave with a sense of defeat. He could do what he liked with it, couldn't he? He was a man, and it was a piece of out-of-date machinery.

Secure in the knowledge that it could not strike again, he turned the hands to twenty past four. Then he peered inside the case. He did not want to leave that weight at the bottom of the clock. It would look as though somebody had tampered with it.

There ought to be a key. . . . Yes, on the ledge opposite the one which had held the cashbox. In two seconds he had it in the hole in the clock-face and was winding cautiously, ready to stop at the first hint of striking.

But none came. He wound quicker, almost whistling in his triumph. Suddenly there was a crash and at the same instant the key spun loosely in his fingers. The line had broken—who knows for how many months it had been ready to do so?—and the weight crashed to the floor.

Cursing fiercely, he picked it up. He would have to tie a knot in the line, and that meant taking his gloves off. He had come in gloves so as to leave no fingerprints. Oh, yes, he was a clever one, was Donovan!

Very carefully, he withdrew his gloves. He would touch nothing but the line and the weight—which was itself tied to the broken end of the line, the hook having been lost.

It was no easy matter to hold the weight and at the same time make a proper knot. Once it nearly fell from his hand, and once he tied a granny that slipped. The clock was fighting him every inch.

But at last the knot was secure. At last he could straighten his back and pull out the key, preparatory to closing the face. As he did so, turning the key slightly in order to free it, the clock again began to strike. . . .

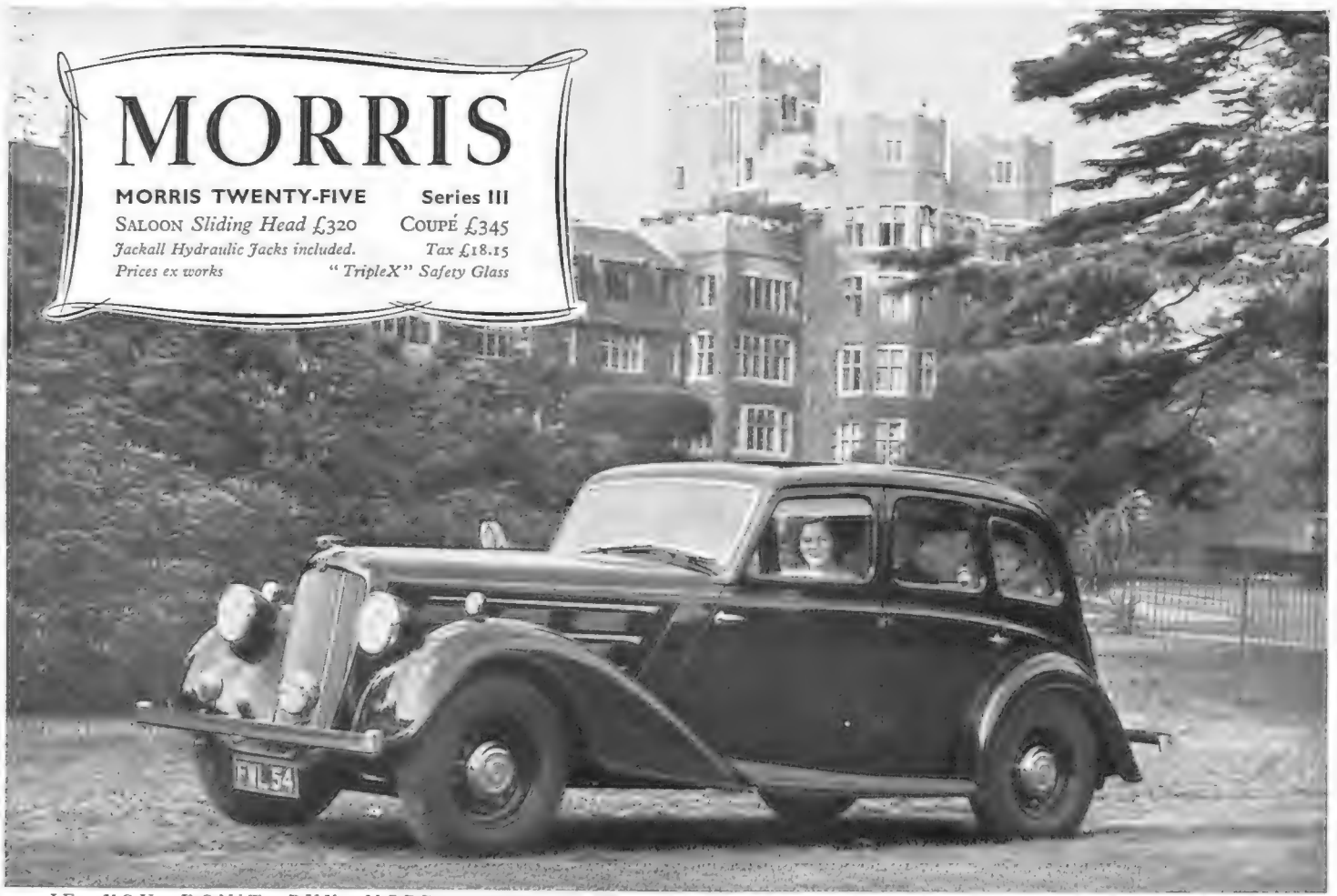
He lost his head entirely. Gripping the case with his ungloved hands, he shook it violently. Then, so swiftly that he did not realise what was happening, the whole clock reeled towards him. A raucous sound came from its entrails as of a wild beast seizing its prey.

WHEN the echoes of the crash had subsided, the room regained its former quietness. The clock had stopped, finally. It lay broken over the body of Donovan. The firelight, shifting capriciously from the old man's face to his, gave the same momentary illusion of life.

But it was only an illusion. In falling, the back of his head had struck against the sharp edge of the fender.

The fire began to singe his hair. Donovan still did not move.

THE END.



The Bystander,
November 16, 1938.

Lambert & Butler, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. M.6. A

These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15

The Elegance of Velvet

"TABLE D'HÔTE" Dinner Gown in crease-resisting Velvet. In black and a few good colours. Hips: 44, 46, 48, 50, 52. 6 gns.

Extra-size Gowns First Floor.

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Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Fly by Air France to winter sports. The airport at St. Moritz is open to traffic, with a direct connection to Zurich operated by Air France and Swissair in pool. For the French Alps there is an air service from London to Geneva

Fly to Ski

By Charles E. Ward

Winter Sports

THE majority who go to Switzerland for winter sports do not sacrifice a summer holiday for the sake of ski-ing, but in winter every holiday hour seems more valuable, and travel time more tedious. The airport at St. Moritz was opened last year and a limited service operated by Swissair, connected London with the winter sports slopes in half a day. This year, a shuttle service will be flown between Zurich and St. Moritz by Swissair, the line from London being pooled with Air France. This may include an overnight stay in Paris, which is an attraction for visitors from places other than London, as they can leave Croydon by a later 'plane than the direct service and enjoy an evening's amusement in the French capital. To the French Alps, for such centres as Villars, St. Ceigne, Gstaad and Les Avants, passengers fly by Air France in a matter of five hours from Croydon to Geneva, from which junction there are train connections the same afternoon. This company has entered the winter sports field with zest this year. There are to be separate events for men and women in the Air France competition at Villars on January 15th, and presumably separate challenge cups for the winners. On the all-important question of cost, a return ticket to St. Moritz, valid for fifteen days, costs £19 16s., and for Geneva, £12 15s., to which must be added rail fare to the actual ski centre.

Flying North

SWEDEN is likely to be especially popular this year as a venue for British winter sports enthusiasts, for it has long been a favourite with the really expert ski-er, who regards good snow conditions as preferable to the sophistication and the social distractions that form much of the life at other centres. And he or she need not think that Sweden is too far away, that too much of the precious holiday will be taken up in travelling. British Airways flies a daily service, Sundays excepted, to Malmö, which is an excellent place from which to proceed either by railway or a highly developed motor-bus service to the various ski-ing centres. Within twenty-four hours of leaving London you can be at any one of a score of winter sports places. A Lockheed "Electra," similar to the liner that took Mr. Chamberlain to Germany for his first meeting at Berchtesgaden, leaves Heston every week-day at 9 o'clock, landing at Malmö 5¼ hours later. The air fare of £13

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Charles E. Brown

Two men who planned the R.A.F. record long-distance flight. Squadron Leader R. Kellett, the leader in No. 1 "Wellesley," and on the right, Wing-Commander O. R. Gayford, officer commanding the Development Unit

BY APPOINTMENT

(FOR THE FIFTH TIME IN SUCCESSION) TO A

Loyal Family

IT IS ALMOST handed down with the silver, this tradition of "buying another Wolseley." And our loyalty is deeply rewarded, for each time, the car "in office" is more comfortable, more powerful and easier to drive than the last. This new 18/85, for instance (*one of the new Wolseleys*), has "Phased Suspension" and "Power-plus-economy" cylinder heads. It is roomier, faster and more silently luxurious than its forebears.

But there are deeper reasons for our faithfulness to the Wolseley. It seems to fit in completely with our surroundings, our friends, our whole scheme of things. It would be just as strange not to have a Wolseley as not to have a sailor in the family. And some of *them*, too, have had careers of distinction . . .

The New Wolseley 18/85, £325. Other models from £245. *Dunlops, Triplex and Jackalls, of course.*

Longleys

Buy wisely - buy WOLSELEY

Wolseley cars are "Better Built" British cars manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd. at Ward End, Birmingham, 8, distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd. of Berkeley St., W.1., and exported by M.I.E. Ltd. from Cowley, Oxford.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE entry for next Sunday's R.A.C. Emancipation Day Run for veteran cars from London to Brighton has again broken all records. When the idea of commemorating the original run of 1896 was first initiated in 1927, the total number of cars entered was thirty-seven; this year it has reached the amazing total of 121. There has been no alteration in the conditions; every one of the cars must have been built in 1904 or earlier, and the youngest competitor is therefore thirty-four years old.

But since the run was first held, enthusiasts have been busy. They have ransacked farmyards, scrap-heaps and "old iron" shops, not only in England but all over the Continent. Remains of old cars have been unearthed from the most unlikely spots and rescued from all manner of menial duties. Gradually they have been restored to their original condition, and each year they take the road from London to Brighton in a pilgrimage which has become world-famous, to celebrate that first historic run of 1896, when the motor-car was emancipated from a speed limit of 2 m.p.h. and the indignity of being preceded by a man carrying a red flag.

The oldest car in this year's run was built in 1894, a Canstatt Daimler, and it is now within six years of its half-century. All types are represented in the entry: dashing little three-wheeled Leon Bollées, the sports car of 1896; a 1 h.p. Renault, very much the forerunner of the modern "baby" car; steam cars—the most silent vehicle on the road, but, judging by the steam pressure of 150 lbs. to the square inch of very thin boiler, liable to blow up at any moment. The forerunners of many cars famous to-day—Daimler, De Dion, Benz, Riley, Lanchester, Renault, and so forth. A moving pageant of the early history of automobilism.

WITH the permission of the Office of Works, the run will start from Hyde Park, the first car leaving at 8 a.m., the remainder following in chronological order at minute intervals. The main road from London to Brighton will be the route. There will be a compulsory stop for rest and replenishments in the car-park of the Embassy Picture House, Crawley; and the cars that complete the journey will be checked-in at the Madeira Drive, Brighton, during the afternoon, the first car being due to arrive at approximately 1.15 p.m.

So that the large crowd which always collects at Brighton to see the old cars arrive may be given an opportunity to see them in motion, the R.A.C. and the Brighton authorities have arranged for all of the cars that have arrived before three o'clock to take part in a procession. The veterans will leave the Madeira Drive at 3 p.m. and proceed at about 10 m.p.h. along the promenade to Regency Square. They will continue round the Square, back along the Promenade, and return to the Madeira Drive.

The R.A.C. is preparing a programme containing a complete list of the entries, with a brief history of each, a plan of the route, with times of arrival at the various points, and this will be available from R.A.C. road-guides along the route next Sunday, or from the club's headquarters during the current week.

***Despite advice** on this sign on the Frome-Wincanton road, she prefers a pipe*

AMONG the numerous safety features developed by Chrysler motors in connection with the 1939 models has been a very great improvement in the power of the headlamp beams, without requiring higher-power bulbs or making any increased strain on the battery. To obtain this effect a very delicate instrument, known as a Weston foot-candle meter, was used in the experimental work, and lighting engineers computed that the headlight previously used developed approximately 50,000 candle-power per lamp. Whilst this appeared to be adequate, it was felt

(*Concluded on page* vi)

"Snug as a Motoluxe Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery. At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

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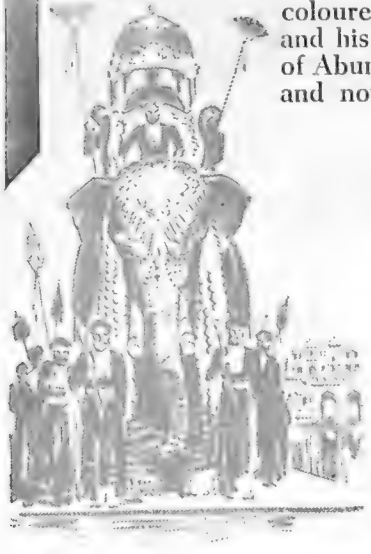
REGULAR WEEKLY SAILINGS from LONDON & MARSEILLES

Blazing with barbaric pearl and gold, the Goddess Gauri is carried to bathe at the water's edge . . . . . a festival celebrated to this day in lovely Udaipur

The stage is set . . . blue skies and a lake of deeper blue broken only by the cool green of foliage and the dazzling white of Udaipur's marble palaces, rising sheer from the water. All around are the townspeople and beyond them the mountains, their craggy peaks reflected in the unruffled waters of the lake. By the coloured boats, the Maharana of Udaipur and his nobles await Gauri, the Goddess of Abundance and ripening harvests . . . . and now guns from the summit of the castle announce her coming. First, young girls chanting hymns; then the Goddess on her throne, arrayed in gorgeous yellow robes, ablaze with jewels, and with a gay-clad retinue. Neither scene nor ritual have changed for many a hundred years; yet here is no outworn relic of tradition . . . festivals such as this and the Juggernaut at Puri or Dasara at Mysore are part of India's very life. To you, they will be sudden glimpses of a world long lost, scenes whose colour and intensity are unforgettable.



A visit to India offers far more than pageantry; it shows you wonderful monuments to dead civilisations, good sport and hunting, a sight of the rugged Khyber, of lovely Kashmir and the incomparable Himalayas.

The cool season affords a pleasant climate for Europeans, language difficulties are non-existent and railway fares cheap. You will travel in unaccustomed roominess and, in some cases, on air-conditioned trains; sleeping berths are not an extra charge. Let us plan you a new kind of Winter holiday . . . once in your life at least, you must come to India.

I N D I A

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or any authorised Tourist Agency.

Kevmer

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page iv)*

that probably some improvement could be obtained without having to increase the power of the bulb. By conducting experiments with various headlight lenses, in conjunction with various types of bulb, it was found possible to develop 86,400 candle-power per lamp, or an increase in the lighting power of the car to 172,800 candle-power.

This is undoubtedly an interesting development in car lighting, and in view of the fact that Chrysler headlamp lenses are specially ribbed, there is obtained the combined advantage of the retention of powerful light with the elimination, so far as possible, of headlight glare.

FOG provides two main problems for the motorist: one, how to try to avoid it; the other, how best to drive in it when this becomes absolutely necessary.

The first real fogs of the autumn found the R.A.C.'s campaign to help motorists against their old enemy well advanced on both counts. To warn motorists of districts badly affected by fog, reports gathered from the club's branch offices and road-guides all over the country are issued twice daily to the Press and the B.B.C. These reports, based on information telegraphed throughout the day to the R.A.C.'s headquarters in London, contain the latest fog news, and so form an up-to-the-minute bulletin of existing conditions. Motorists are thus able, to a certain extent, to plan their routes to avoid badly-affected areas. This information is, of course, available at any of the club's offices.

Not always, however, does fog give warning of its approach Sooner or later, the time must come when there is nothing for it but to drive on and hope for the best. The many excellent fog-lamps now on the market have made driving in fog considerably easier than it used to be. Not all cars, however, are equipped with these lamps; and to their drivers, the well-known R.A.C. fog discs are a very welcome help.

These discs, which are made of amber paper of a special type and fitted to the headlamps, have been proved to be of the greatest assistance in driving in fog. Since the inauguration of the scheme, the R.A.C. has supplied over half a million sets of discs free to its members. Supplies are obtainable from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, from R.A.C. branch offices, or from any R.A.C. roadside telephone-box.

QUALITY always finds those who appreciate it—even in these days when we may be pardoned for believing that some sportive demigod has deliberately turned all our standards topsy-turvy!

Thus it is reassuring in these crazy days to learn that Messrs. Stratstone, Ltd., who have been the London representatives of the Daimler Company for many years, are experiencing such increased public interest in Daimler and Lanchester cars that they have now opened extensive showrooms at 40, Berkeley Street. These showrooms rank among the largest of their kind in London and are certainly considered the most handsome in regard to their decorations and display. At 40, Berkeley Street, all the 1939 Daimler and Lanchester cars are on view.

Fly to Ski *(Continued from page ii)*

single or £23 8s. return works out at very little more than by boat and train, when the considerable value of time saved is taken into account, quite apart from the saving of two nights' hotel accommodation, extra meals and tips. From the end of December to the beginning of March there are first-class ski-ing schools open at Åre and Storlien, where the instructors are men of championship class. At Åre there are a slalom run, a bobsleigh track, curling rinks, and magnificent runs through the mountains. At Storlien there are nursery slopes which make it an ideal place for beginners.

Events Past and Future

PERFECT navigation on the part of the R.A.F. pilots for 7350 miles, plus fuel economy of Bristol "Pegasus" engines, and the ability of the Vickers monoplanes to lift nearly four tons more than their normal load, brought the distance record back to England. Speed was 50 miles an hour greater than that of the Russians, whose record from Moscow to California via the North Pole was broken. The extreme mobility of air power and the length of its arm for striking purposes, have been brought home to the Empire, and the rest of the world. That three aircraft broke the record simultaneously, proves that this was no freak achievement. On October 27th, Sir Edward Campbell, deputising for the Secretary of State, paid a visit of inspection to the Chelsea College of Aeronautical Engineering, and on December 13th, this famous institution is holding its annual dinner-and-dance party at Grosvenor House. Started as an adjunct to the training centre for Automobile Engineering, the C. of A.E. has established itself as the leading London College for students in aviation, who want to specialise on the technical side. There are shops at Brooklands where practical work is taught on the spot, and flying lessons can be taken. The annual event known as the Four Club Dinner is to be held on Friday next, November 18th, also at Grosvenor House. Clubs associated with Brooklands for flying are the Cinque Ports at Lympne, the South Coast at Shoreham, and the Northants at Sywell. Tickets can be obtained from any of the four centres.

see India

TOUR

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visiting Bombay, Udaipur, Jaipur, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow and Benares.

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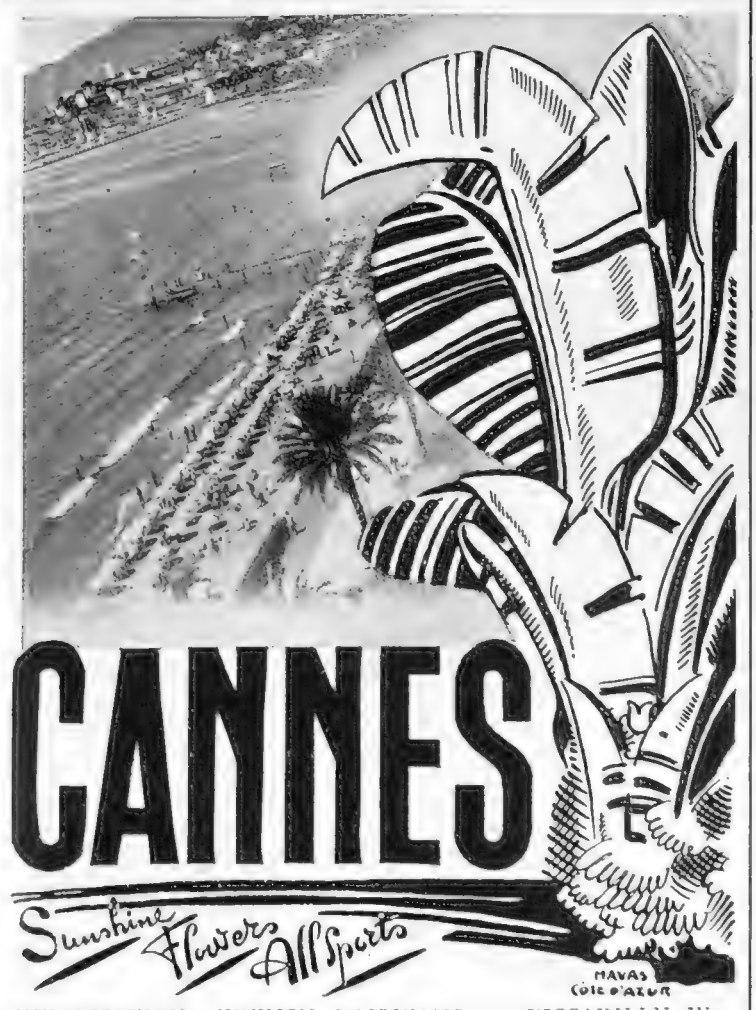

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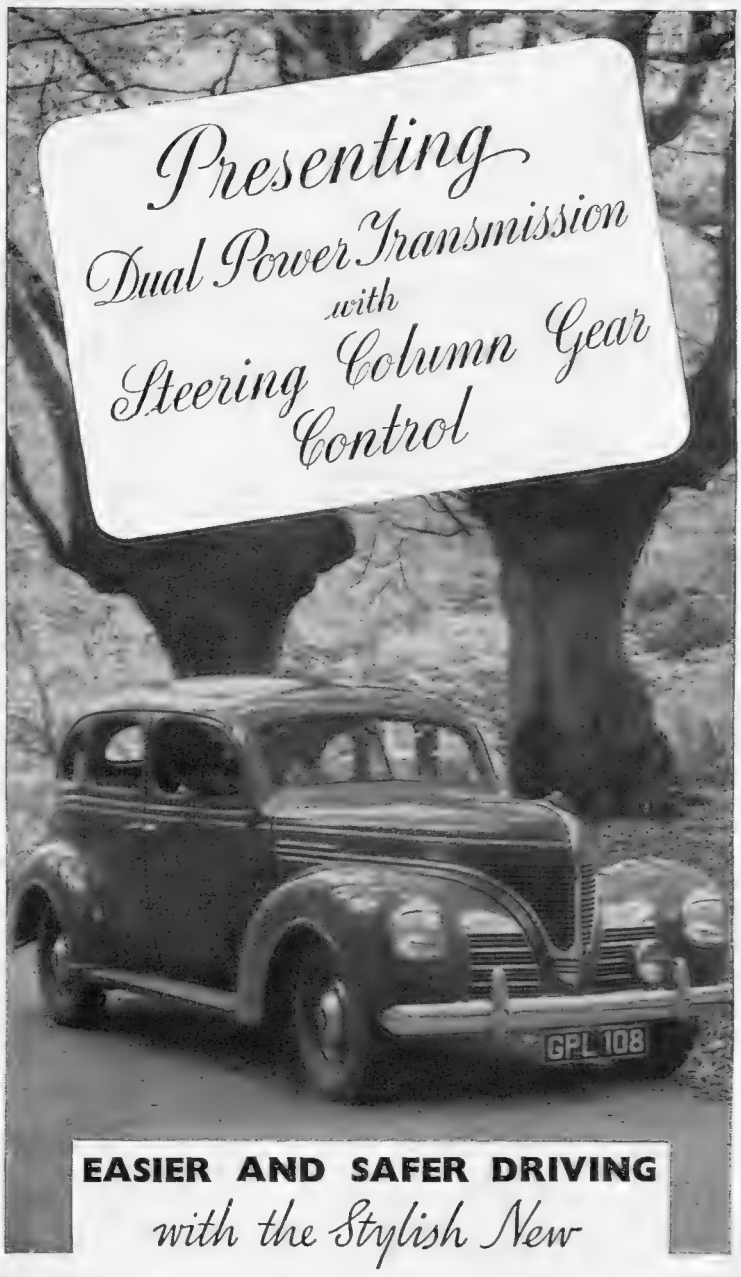

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The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

October Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Negretti	Worplesdon	75	6	69	74	5 below
Miss S. Stroyan	Berkshire	77	4	73	77	4 ,,
Miss Z. B. Davis	Bishops Stortford	74	4	70	74	4 ,,
Miss S. Lucas	Singapore	86	17	69	72	3 ,,
Miss N. E. Sanderson	Leighton Buzzard	77	5	72	74	2 ,,
Miss Barnes Gorell	West Hill	79	6	73	74	1 ,,
Mrs. Hankey	Addington	87	13	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. E. Brewer	Cleethorpes	87	18	69	70	1 ,,
Miss Jean Hill	Lanarkshire	82	8	74	74	All square
Mrs. Macfarlane	Northampton	93	18	75	74	1 above
Miss Reynolds	Sale	87	12	75	73	2 above
Mrs. Conran	Addington	94	17	77	75	2 ,,
Mrs. Dazeley	Northampton	81	4	77	74	3 ,,
Mrs. S. A. Wann	Northampton	96	16	80	74	6 ,,
Miss M. E. Kendall	Northampton	97	15	82	74	8 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. L. Chettle	Woking	88	23	65	73	8 below
Mrs. Boumphrey	Delamere	102	36	66	74	8 ,,
Miss Sergel	Hamilton (N. Zealand)	98	33	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. C. F. Menzies	Keppel, Singapore	94	30	64	70	6 ,,
Mrs. J. A. Tait	Heswell	88	20	68	73	5 ,,
Miss E. Lyons	West Middlesex	94	26	68	73	5 ,,
Miss D. Rew	Exeter	89	19	70	74	4 ,,
Miss Heblethwaite	North Hants	90	21	69	73	4 ,,
Miss Truman	North Hants	93	24	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. Matheson	Aberdeen	91	26	65	69	4 ,,
Mrs. Jackson	Calcutta	96	28	68	72	4 ,,
Miss Madge Saunders	Addington	101	29	72	75	3 ,,
Mrs. Grimwade	Chislehurst	88	20	68	70	2 ,,
Mrs. MacDonnell	West Middlesex	91	19	72	73	1 ,,
Miss M. A. Hurry	Deeside	88	19	69	70	1 ,,

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

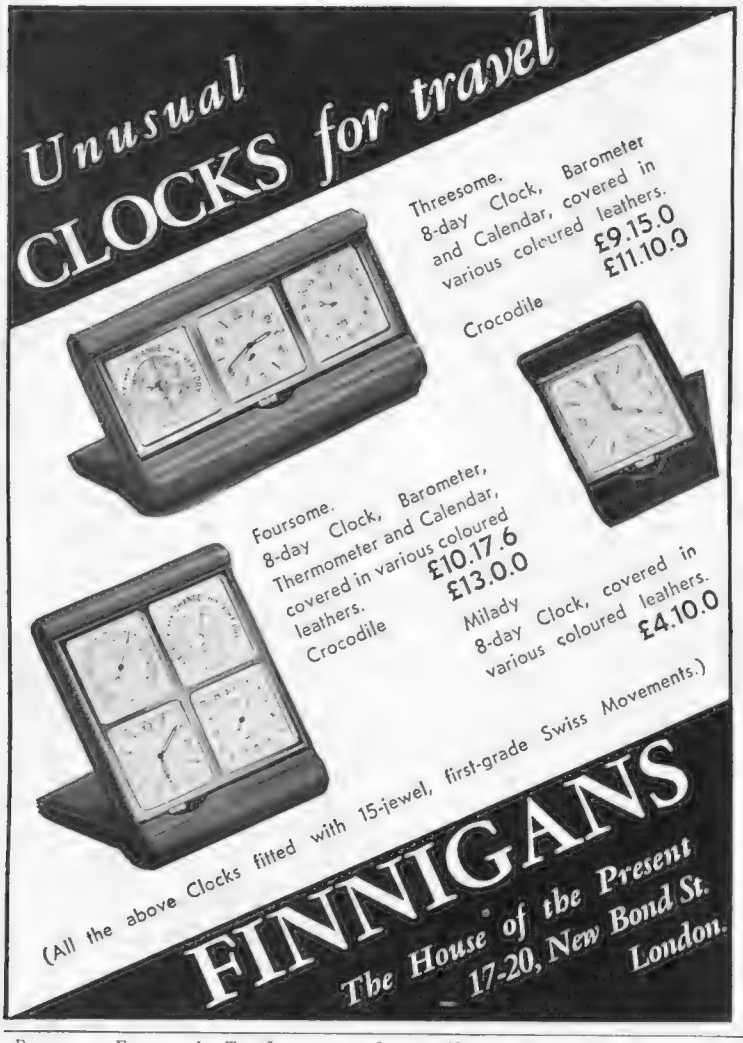
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....



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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Cannons of Hollywood

Monica Neville

Monica Neville is the only daughter of the late Commander Ralph Neville and the Hon. Mrs. Pearson Gregory, of 29, Chesham Place, S.W., and is engaged to Peter Holdsworth Hunt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Holdsworth Hunt, of Little Berkhamsted, Herts.

Roshnara Stratford is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, of The Oaks, Berkhamsted, Herts.; her fiancé is Robert Edward McDonnell, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, only son of the late Colonel John McDonnell, and Mrs. Woods, of Milverton Hall, Skerries, Co. Dublin

Cannons of Hollywood

Roshnara Wingfield-Stratford

Catherine Bell

Diana Ball

Diana Ball is engaged to Nigel Turner, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Turner, of Hungerford Park, Hungerford, Berks.; she is the elder daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Ball, of Kimbridge House, near Romsey, Hants.

Marjorie Elizabeth Mary Airth Graevenitz, elder daughter of Baron and Baroness Peter Graevenitz, of Virginia Water, is engaged to Peter Kenneth Chance, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Chance, of Radford Manor House, Leamington

Lenare

Marjorie Graevenitz

Catherine Bell

Suzanne Hogg

Suzanne Hogg is the only daughter of Sir Malcolm and Lady Hogg, of 10, Cranley Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Henry Morland, of 96, Piccadilly, only son of Captain H. Morland, R.I.N., and Mrs. Morland, of Toit Vert, Sentier du Tennis, Zoute, Belgium

Pamela Helen Ritchie is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Harold Ritchie, D.S.O., and Mrs. E. J. H. Luxmoore, of 30, Draycott Place, S.W.3, and is to marry James Dunbar Whatman, son of Major and Mrs. Arthur Whatman, of Walsham Hall, Suffolk

Lenare

Pamela Helen Ritchie

Lenare

Babs Leonard

Eirene (Babs) Leonard, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leonard, of Brandeston Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, is engaged to Denis Charles Griffiths, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Griffiths, of 37, Lowndes Street, S.W.1

Lenare

Diana Blair

Is the younger daughter of the late Capt. Duncan Blair and Mrs. Blair, of 13, Sussex Mansions. She is engaged to Lt.-Com. Terence Robinson, only son of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Robinson, of Nottingham. Her wedding will take place next summer in London, not in China, as we incorrectly stated in our October 26 issue

Pearl Freeman

Mary Hilda Lloyd Owen

Is the elder daughter of Captain R. C. Lloyd Owen, R.N., and Mrs. Lloyd Owen, of Springfields, Warsash, Hants.; she is to marry Colin Blakeney Gray, Queen's Royal Regiment, elder son of Engineer Captain Colin J. Gray, R.N., and Mrs. Gray, of Compton, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire

Lenare

Pamela Oakley

Is the third daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Richard Oakley, D.S.O., and Mrs. Oakley, of Lawrence End, near Luton; she is engaged to Lieut. Norman Scarlett, R.N., youngest son of the late Air Vice-Marshal F. R. Scarlett, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Scarlett, of The Rocks, Uckfield

Melville — Spens

Edward Kenmure Landale Melville, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, eldest son of the late Colonel E. P. A. Melville, C.B.E., and Mrs. Melville, married Pamela Doreen Spens at Holy Trinity, Stirling. She is the daughter of Colonel H. B. Spens, D.S.O., D.L., and Mrs. Spens, of Powis House, by Stirling

Catherine Bell

Harrison — Britton

John Harrison, the Beds. and Herts. Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Harrison, of Fairways, Pachesham Park, Leatherhead, and Winifred Mary Britton, of Firlands, Oatlands Avenue, Weybridge, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Findlater — Lawford

Captain William Findlater, the Royal Irish Regiment, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. A. V. Findlater, of Tenterden, Kent, and Sylvia Agnes Lawford, daughter of Paymaster Captain V. A. Lawford, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Lawford, of Chorley Wood, Herts., were married at Brompton Parish Church

Swain — Le Fevre

Squadron-Leader Francis Ronald Downs Swain, A.F.C., former holder of the world's height record, married Sally Mitchell Le Fevre at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Havant, Hants. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howell Le Fevre, of Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Luard — Morrell

Peter John Luard, 52nd Light Infantry, son of the late J. S. Luard and Mrs. Luard, of Wilmots, Wickham, Hants., and Mary Alicia Morrell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Morrell, of The Rise, Headington Hill, Oxford, were married at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford

Robertson — Murray

William Lindsay Robertson and Margaret Murray were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street. He is the second son of the late James Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, of Glenlyon, Spylaw Bank Road, Colinton; she is the elder daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Murray, of Uplands, Hughenden, Bucks.

BEST FOR

Winter Sports

THIS YEAR

KLOSTERS This season the well-known Swiss centre in the Grisons—renowned for its safety and abundant snow—offers the fullest enjoyment, under ideal conditions, of every kind of winter sport.

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For full particulars apply to the Inquiry Office GSTAAD and Swiss Federal Railways, London and Paris.

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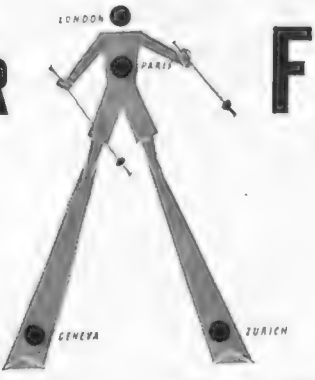

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(B) *ALLOWING NIGHT IN PARIS*

1.30 p.m. from London, via Paris where night is spent, Next day to Zurich for Bernese Oberland and the Engadine - Wengen, Mürren, Grindelwald, Schneideff, etc. Arosa, Klosters, Davos, St. Moritz, etc. Return fare to Zurich £13.16.0

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"BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Walking on the Flat above Grindelwald

Peter Lunn's first stage of ski-ing (see his article) is walking on the flat. But the ski-er here is no beginner: that deep, unspoilt snow high in the Bernese Oberland is the preliminary to a long run down to Grindelwald. Grindelwald at 3500 feet has railways to 6700 feet (Scheidegg) and 11,340 feet (Jungfraujoch). Also a fine bob run and one of the best ski-jumps in the Oberland

"Herring-boning" at Engelberg

Stage No. 1 also includes climbing a slope, but the "herring-bone" method is hard work for the beginner. Engelberg was the setting for the FIS meeting last year: it has some superb runs from the top of its funicular and aerial railways, 2500 feet above the village

First Steps on Ski

By Peter Lunn

A BEGINNER'S first steps on ski fall into three distinct stages. In the first stage he accustoms himself to moving about with long planks on his feet; in the second he masters easy, straight running and traversing; in the third he learns how to change direction by means of the stem turn. When the beginner has passed these three stages he will be in a position to leave the practice slopes and go on short runs. An athletic young man will do this in two or three days, but the average beginner takes from four days to a week.

Stage No. 1. When a beginner first puts on ski, and tries to move along the level, he finds his skis slipping continually outwards; he must remedy this by keeping his skis slightly on their inside edges. The beginner should use his sticks, at once to push himself forward and to prop himself up. He must not, as most beginners do, hold his hands right out from his body with the sticks hanging straight down; instead, he must have his hands across the front of his body, with the sticks pointing backwards and outwards as well as downwards. This enables the ski-er to push himself forwards, while at the same time he presses outwards with his sticks so as to prop himself up. If the ski-er has to tackle a slight rise, he must lean forward so as to be able to push more powerfully against his sticks, and prevent himself slipping back.

The simplest way a beginner can climb a slope, which is too steep for him to walk straight up, is by side-stepping. He stands facing across the slope, and then side-steps straight uphill; he uses his top stick to balance himself with, and his lower stick to push himself up.

Though the easiest, side-stepping is also the slowest method of climbing. When the beginner's balance begins to improve, and he starts to tackle longer slopes, he must learn to climb in a series of traverses. The technique is the same as for walking along the level, except that, instead of both skis being slightly on their inside edges, the upper ski must be on its outside edge so as to grip into the slope.

To change direction when standing still, either when on the flat or on a slope, the beginner must learn the kick-turn. A kick-turn to the right is performed as follows: twist your body round to the right, and place your right stick in the snow to the left of both skis. Then lift up your right ski to a semi-vertical position, swing it over and place it back in the snow parallel with, but facing in the opposite direction to your left ski. Pause for a moment in this spread-eagle position, supporting yourself by leaning back on your sticks. Then lift up the left ski and stick, swing them round to the right, and replace the left ski in the snow parallel with your right. You will thus have turned through 180 degrees.

Stage No. 2. When the beginner has accustomed himself to moving about on ski, he must learn to run straight downhill. He will have two golden rules to remember. The first is "relax," and the second is "keep your weight forward."

Whenever a beginner takes up a new sport, his immediate reaction is to stiffen every muscle and joint in his body. Against this natural reaction the beginner must fight; his whole body—and particularly his knees and legs—must be loose and springy.

As the beginner improves, and tends to stiffen himself less and less, he will be able to forget the first golden rule, "relax." But the second golden rule, "keep forward," is one which no ski-er, whatever his experience or skill, can afford to neglect. The natural reaction of even the most expert ski-er, when he approaches a difficulty, is to lean back.

"Keep forward" is certainly the most oft-repeated advice on the practice slopes. Unfortunately, only too many beginners obey it by stiffening their legs and leaning forward from their waists, than which there can be no more insecure position. A ski-er must get his weight forward by forcing his knees forward over the toes of his boots. He must try to keep his forehead, knees, and toes in one straight line.

(Continued on page 11)

Children's "Stem-turn" Class at Superbagnères

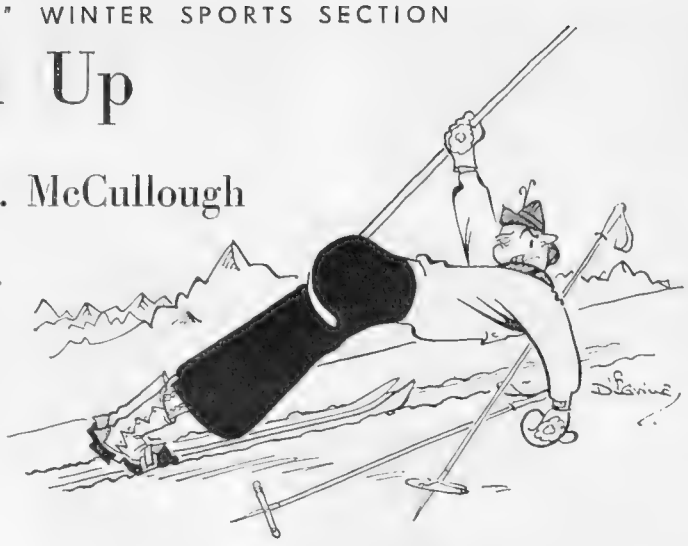
Peter Lunn's third stage is demonstrated by these flyweights with varying degrees of accuracy. Their stem-turn class was held 6000 feet up at Superbagnères, leading winter resort of the Pyrenees. More and more people are discovering that France possesses wonderful ski-fields in this district, the Vosges and the Alpes Maritimes, as well as the better-known ones of the French Alps, like Chamonix and Mégève

• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Up and Up

By W. D. H. McCullough

Sketches by d'Egville



Ski-ing uphill—the forward technique

WINTER sports are still accelerating. Ten years ago mountain railways were slow and dignified. The old school of ski-ers despised mechanical devices and maintained that half the joy of ski-ing lay in the regular rhythm of climbing. The other half lay in the triumph of arriving in time for lunch. In the good old days if you were a man you skied down merely to be ready to climb again, and ski-ing was a simple and crude affair. Turns were looked upon as foppish affectation. A gentleman took his fences and slopes straight. If he got out of control he sat down. Nowadays, speeds depend, of course, upon waxing, but then the governing factor was the texture of the seat of the trousers. Wage-slaves from the city simply couldn't take it, and stuck to the nursery slopes and the bar.

BUT all that is changing, because the ski-lift has arrived. This most useful idea consists of an endless rope running up the mountain-side, with large metal hooks attached at intervals of about twenty yards—rather like a vast fishing cast. It is the latest method of raising people and is beginning to appear all over Switzerland in various shapes and sizes. There are beauties at Mürren and Davos, and at St. Moritz there is a huge one that marches up 3000 ft. from Suvretta House. Most people seem to learn to ski instantaneously nowadays, but the big test of skill is riding the hook on a ski-lift. It should be explained that the victim keeps on his skis during the ascent—at any rate, that is the intention.

THERE are two techniques — the forward seat and the backward bend. If you favour the forward seat you assume a position of a man about to start a hundred yards sprint. The first time the hook is applied to his base the novice working on this theory almost always goes flat on his face — a harmless and naïve evolution.

The backward bend, which requires a bold, upstanding position, with the shoulders back, leads to much more exciting complications. At first the result is usually a slow roll, which, performed with skis, is alarming for the performer, but, of course, highly diverting for everyone else. Once you have mastered the art of getting off the mark, the rest is easy—provided you are courageous and sober. You realise, almost as soon as you are under way, how easy it is to travel by ski-lift. You appreciate the facility and wonder why no one thought of the idea before. You relax. You begin to revel in the joy of ski-ing uphill. You look round — and the rest is chaos.

EVEN if you do, by concentration, manage to stay on till you get near the top, you still have the big thrill to come—getting off the hook. Most people up for the first time can see no way of preventing themselves from being lifted off the ground and whirled through the machinery and sent down again. Provided the hook did not catch in the victim's clothes, it would, of course, be quite simple for him to fall flat on his face. But the trouble is that there is someone else coming up behind on skis with points, and probably quite unable to deviate. There is usually a man at the top to detach beginners before they disappear aloft, but he is only needed the first time. After a few leaps for life it becomes easy to transfer the tension from the seat to the arm holding the bar, and then (as you reach the level ground) to fling the hook out to one side.

A first climb made in this way on a ski-lift is an exciting experience. The delicious thrill of ski-ing uphill and the exquisite sense of achievement as the hook is finally detached will always remain a happy memory in spite of perils, anxieties and the fact that you have left your ski-sticks below.

A TINY snag does seem to be looming up on the horizon, however, now that beginners can get up so high so easily. Even with the help of gravity it can take a beginner a surprisingly long time to descend 1000 ft. in deep, fresh snow. This possibility was pleasantly illustrated recently on a famous run. The local wizard was hissing down the hill at the end of the day, making sure that no one was lying in fragments in the snow. The run was clear, his feet were together, and he was singing quietly to himself, when he spied a portly English gentleman laboriously proceeding downhill, with his skis (from time to time) on his shoulders. With a tremendous swinging turn the champion pulled up and asked politely if all was well. Continuing to plough ahead, the portly gentleman thanked him and said that it was. A polite enquiry followed—had he hurt himself in any way? The pedestrian shook his head. "Then would the gentleman not put on his skis?" This was too much. The portly gentleman stopped, drew himself to his full height, and removed the snow from his mouth. "No, I will not," he said. "I am sorry, but I 'm in a hurry and I haven't time."

Ski-ing uphill—the backward bend

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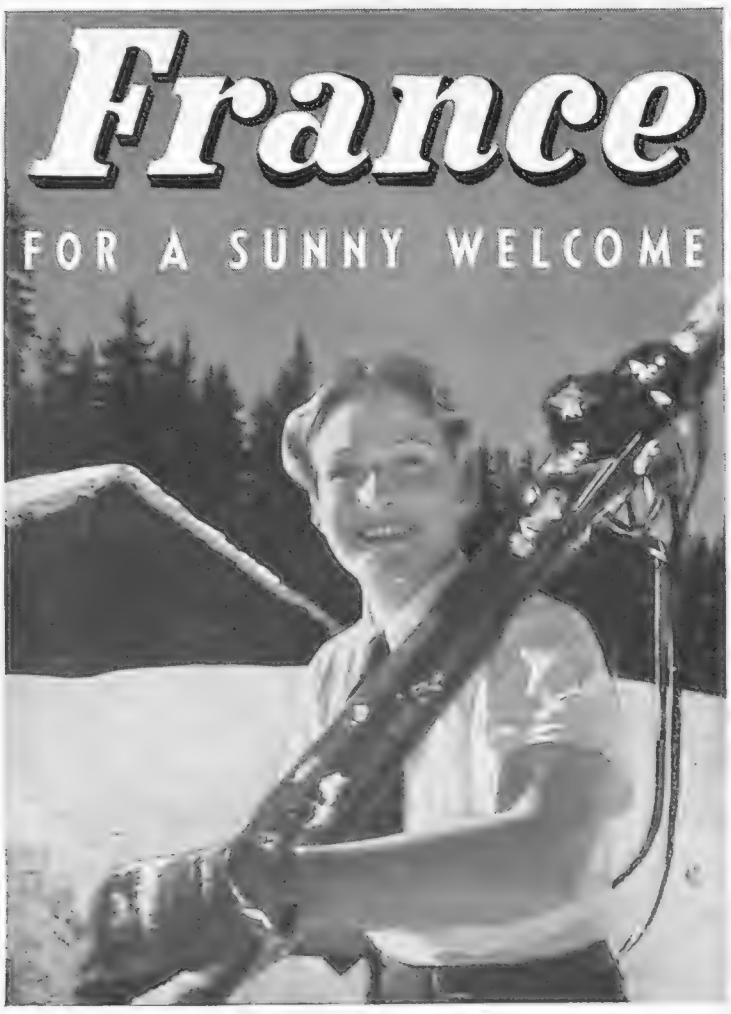

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CVS—41

• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Gstaad's "funi" runs up the Hornberg, nearly 2000 feet above the village. There is also a railway to the top of the five-mile bobsleigh run on the Saanenmöser road. So this Bernese Oberland resort is well supplied with transport

Villars, in Western Switzerland (4250 ft.), has a railway to 6000 feet, and then this ski-hoist to the summit of the Chaux-Ronde, as well as a sledge ski-hoist to Chamossaire at 7000 feet, whence starts the finest of the local runs. For a description of ski-lift riding, see p. F

Transport at Gstaad

Transport at Villars

First Steps on Ski *(Continued from page E)*

The ski-er must hold his hands level with his body and slightly out to the side; he must not stiffen his arms, but must give full play to the natural tendency of his hands to move up and down in slight balancing movements.

The beginner must, however, concentrate on his knees: he must keep them springy, slightly bent, and well forward over the toes.

When the beginner has learnt to run straight down easy slopes, he must learn to traverse across them. When traversing, just as when running straight down the slope, the beginner must remember to relax and to keep his weight forward. In addition, he must fight against the natural tendency to lean into the hill, by keeping his far shoulder and hand lower than his near shoulder and hand. This will ensure that he is leaning out from the slope, and that his weight is where it should be—on his lower ski.

While the ski-er on a traverse leans his shoulders and the top half of his body away from the slope, he must press his knees into the hill. This will keep his skis firmly on their edges, so that he cuts a clean line across the slope. Should the ski-er wish to lose height by side-slipping, he only has to press his knees less firmly into the hill; his skis will then be less sharply edged into the slope, and he will side-slip down it at the same time as he traverses across it.

The ski-er must be as careful when traversing, as when running straight, to keep his weight well forward. He should also keep his far shoulder farther forward than his near shoulder. This will keep his far (or lower) ski pointing slightly uphill towards its partner, and will successfully guard against the danger of its shooting apart down the hill.

Stage 3. When the beginner has learnt to run straight and to traverse, he must learn to change direction by means of the stem turn.

The stem is the easiest of all the ski-ing turns; it is best performed at slow speed on a gradual slope of hard, beaten snow. When doing a stem turn, as when traversing or straight running, the ski-er must never forget the two golden rules: *relax* and *weight forward*.

A stem turn from left to right, which will bring the ski-er from

(Concluded on page I)

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Braunwald *has a superb position among the peaks of the Glarus Alps, ten minutes by electric train from the railway at Linthal, 4300 feet above the sea. Naturally it has a ski-school, as well as its fine rink, a toboggan run, luge-runs, and a funicular. And this sunny little place has the advantage of not being over-Anglicised*

First Steps on Ski *(Continued from page* II*)*

a traverse with the hill on his left to a traverse with the hill on his right, is performed in the three following phases:

Phase 1. You will start from the usual traversing position with the hill on your left. Your right shoulder will be lower and farther forward than your left, both knees will be pressed over to the left into the hill, and the greater part of your weight will be on your right, that is, on your lower, ski.

Now bring your whole weight, instead of only the greater part of it, on to your right, or lower, ski; then slide your unweighted left ski uphill, at the same time screwing your left heel firmly outwards. This will bring your left ski to what is called "a wide stemming angle" with its partner; this means that the tips of the two skis will be close together and the backs wide apart, so that the skis are in the position of a wide angle with the point to the front.

Phase 2. The left ski will now act as a rudder, and you will begin to turn downhill. You will have started this movement with your right shoulder much lower and farther forward than your left, and all the weight on the right ski. As you start to turn downhill, you must bring your shoulders level, which will automatically bring part of your weight back on to your right ski; when you have turned half round, so that you face straight downhill, your weight should be evenly distributed between both skis.

Phase 3. As you turn round into the opposite direction, you bring your left shoulder forward and down, and the greater part of your weight on to the left ski. You will then end up in the correct position for traversing with the hill on your right, that is with your left shoulder, now the far shoulder on the traverse, lower and farther forward than your right.

Phase 3 of the stem is, however, complicated by a change of edge. The left ski is brought on to its inside edge at the very beginning of the turn, and remains on that edge throughout. The right ski, however, starts on its inside edge, and must be brought on to its outside edge during the last phase of the turn. This is done by screwing the right knee over; at the beginning of Phase 3 it leans in towards its partner, but at the end of the turn it must lean away from its partner and in towards the hill.

When the beginner has mastered the stem turn, the first part of his ski-ing education will be completed, and he will be able to leave the practice slopes for short runs among the mountains

Davos *is the setting this year for the Jackson Cup, the Wimbledon of curlers. All Swiss clubs affiliated to the august Royal Caledonian Curling Club compete, including three from Davos itself. The Davos C.C., as one of the original competitors, is excused the preliminary rounds; it has several times won the trophy. The other two are the Palace C.C. and the local Swiss club*

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• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Winter Sports in Italy

Italy has not long been noted as a winter sports country, and an immediate advantage from this is that prices there are not pushed up by wide publicity, but are extremely reasonable. Winter sports centres in Italy are on the southern—sunny—side of the Alps or in the lovely Dolomite region. In the first, three are of major importance, Sestriere (see pictures below), Claviere and Cervinia. The first two are within 20 hours of London (change from the Paris-Rome express at Ulzio), the last, at the foot of the Matterhorn, is reached via Turin. The best known winter sports resort in the Dolomites is Cortina (see picture below), famous for its ski-jumps. It lies at 4000 feet in the lovely Ampezzo valley, sheltered from the winds by forests of pine and fir. Many other centres are scattered over the neighbourhood

A view of Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites

The Duke of Aosta Hotel at Sestriere

Sestriere has come rapidly in the forefront of winter sports centres since Signor Agnelli, son of Fiat's director, was pleased by the spot and decided to develop it. Three new hotels have been built (two as towers), four wire-rope railways have been installed and the popular resort has this season been chosen as the venue for the Oxford v. Cambridge ski races (December 5th-23rd)

The South view from the Duke of Aosta Hotel, Sestriere

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• "BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Of Germany's numerous winter sports centres the best-known lie in Bavaria, Silesia and Austria, and the best known in the last is the Arlberg pass, which has given its name to a style of ski-ing. St. Anton is the biggest winter sports centre in the Arlberg, but equally charming are the smaller villages such as (above) St. Christoph

The little ski-er in the foreground is regarding a crevasse in the Waxeck Glacier, which runs down the mountains in the Zillertal district of the Tyrol, one of Austria's loveliest regions

Winter Sports in Germany

FOR "winter sports in Austria" last season now read "winter sports in Germany." You will have to buy registered marks instead of schillings, you will find a different eagle on the post-boxes, you may notice a little more of the proverbial German efficiency, but—most important—you will not find the snow or the mountains or the sun any different.

Germany can now, in fact, offer a greater diversity of winter sports centres than ever. There are the twin towns of Garmish and Partenkirchen, venue for the Olympic Games of 1936, with three mountain railways, one leading to the Schneefernerhaus (8692 ft.), highest hotel in Germany, which clings to the shoulder of the Zugspitze. There is Oberstdorf (2765 ft.), in the Bavarian Allgau. There are Silesian resorts such as Schreiberhau in the south-east, where climatic conditions are more dependable than in the more westerly districts. There are the Tyrol and the Arlberg.

KITZBÜHEL in the Tyrol is the Mecca of many British and Empire winter-sportsmen. It is an attractive village and it boasts 54 different ski-runs in the neighbourhood. Lying at 2650 feet, it has been known as a winter resort for thirty years.

The Arlberg, a high pass in the province of Austria (see picture above) is too well known to all ski-ers to need description.

Altogether, the diversity and the attractions of German resorts claim careful consideration while this season's plans are laid.

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau—Mailing Dept. 5—Carlton House, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (WHitehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices, and Travel Agents.

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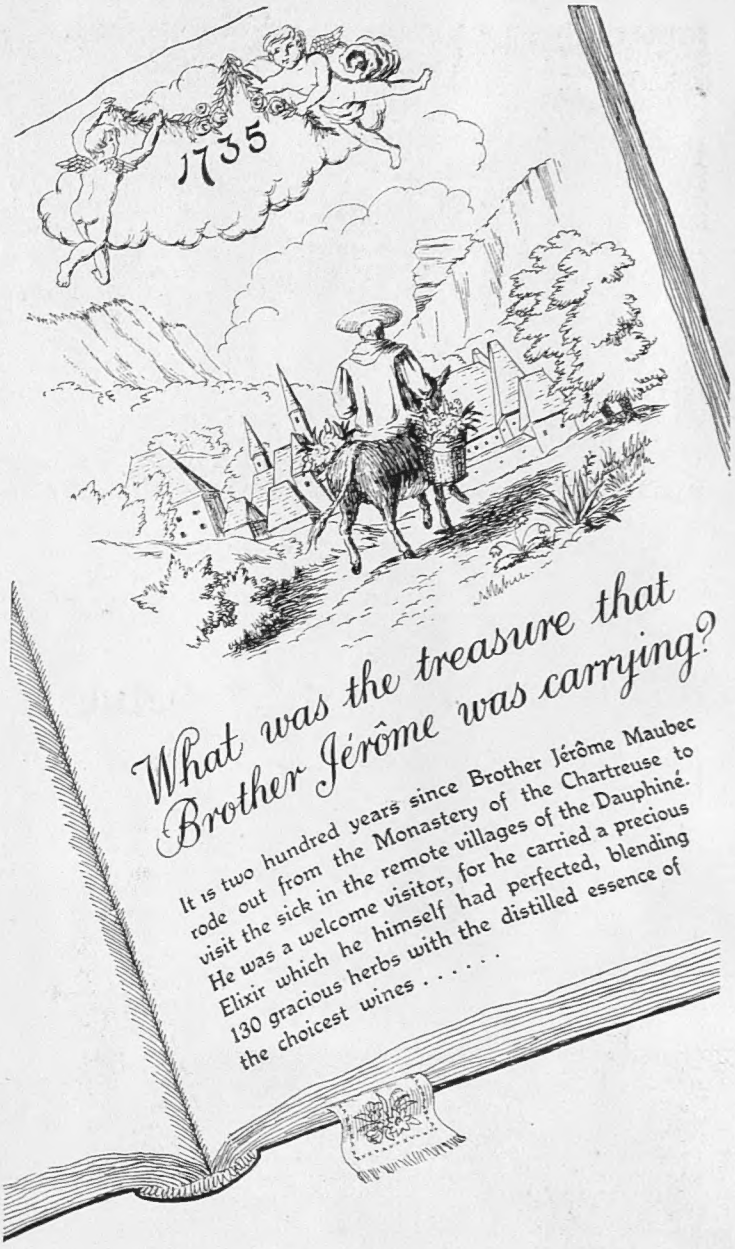

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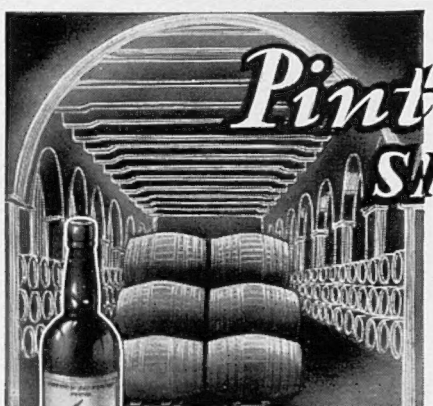

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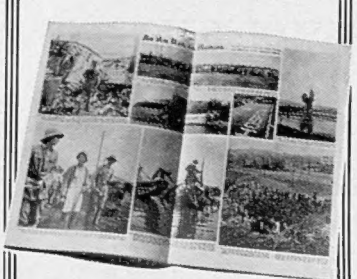

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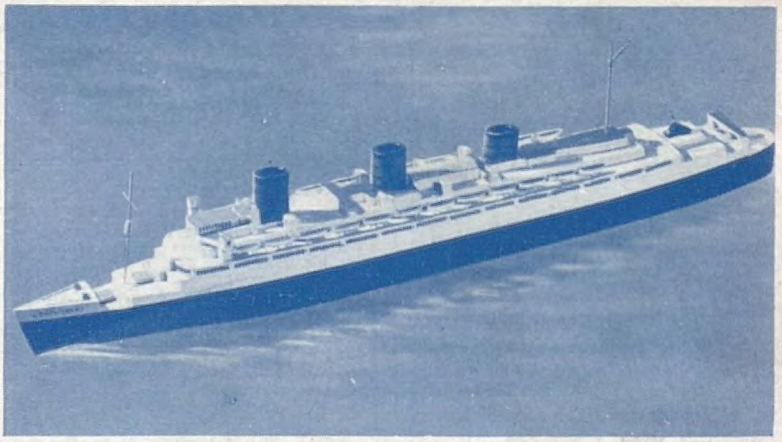

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